

JOHN BULL, AUGUST 8, 1931
TWO PENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE



Vol. L.
No. 1312.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties, and cat. free. Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Bartsall, Leeds.

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CLUB AGENTS wanted. Liberal comm. Household Bargains. **WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.**—The Nova Trading Co., Ltd., 74, Villa Street, Birmingham.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys. **FREE GIFT** every agent. Big Cash Commission. Catalogue free. F. J. Tate, 24, Neville Street, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Clubs. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Cigarettes. Good Commission. No outlay. Send for illustrated list. Reagent Confectionery Co., Stanningley, Leeds.

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XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUB. Agents wanted for Xmas Chocolate Club. Highest Cash Commission paid. Only leading makes supplied. Particulars free. Kightly, Buiwell, Nottingham.

AGENTS wanted. See CATALOGUE before starting. Huge selection Chocs., Cigs., Toys, 5/- in & cash Com. Free Gifts. Large cash prizes. Eatons (Dept. X), Lower Wortley, Leeds.

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THE Only Christmas Club offering Hire-Purchase Terms require agents. Splendid selection Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, 151 page Cat. and complete outfit in fitted Fibre Writing Case. Free to every agent. Particulars Free. The "Shield" Xmas Club (Dept. 12), Bradford.

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A STRAIGHT DEAL.—Christmas Club Agents, all-British Christmas Lines, finest quality; support British goods. Satisfaction our aim. Highest commission. Write for Catalogue, British Only, Ltd., 3, Wilton Street, Bradford.

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Prepaid Rate: 6s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s. Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

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XMAS Club Agents wanted. chocolates, toys, games, cigarettes; good commission; best brands only. **Greenwood & Son, Lydgate, Todmorden.**

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TEA Agents wanted by old-established firm. Sound value. Liberal profits. **Write. Manager, Agency Department (No. 53), 41, Pratt Street, London, N.W.1.**

CLOTH Lengths, Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, etc. Satis. gntd. Direct to public. Agents wtd. Except opportunity. Write for parts. etc. **Anglo Textiles Direct, Ltd., 27F, Peckover St., Bradford.**

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SEE PAGE 29.

BENCH VICE, 3-in. Jaw, West. 2 lb. Special sale price, 2/6 post free. **Write now** more than double. Bargain list of tools. **JONES'S STORES, 100, Tamworth Road, CROYDON.**

SELFIDGE'S offer a **CHROMIUM-PLATED TOURIST CYCLE** on easy paying terms on page 24. Write for **ILLUSTRATED LIST** and be sure to address Dept. J.B.

POST your film to **W. R. ROSE** whose ad. appears on page 28. Be sure to send his offer.

LIGHTNING Leather Stitches for Home-workers. Only 2/-. Quickly sew a perfect lockstitch in boots, bags, harness, etc., etc. This complete handy tool is fully described and illustrated in the advt. of J. P. M. & Co. in facing.)

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ENJOY YOUR PIPE. The "Combined Pipe and Absorber" costs only 1/- for your pipe, and keeps the pipe sweet and clean. See fully descriptive advertisement on page 1.

GENT'S SHOES for 1/- down. This remarkable offer is described in the advertisement of Ray & Co. on page opposite.

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BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc. cured by **Parker's Fluid Remedy**. 1/6. 3/-, 6/-, 12/-, 24/-, 48/-, 96/-, 192/-, 384/-, 768/-, 1536/-, 3072/-, 6144/-, 12288/-, 24576/-, 49152/-, 98304/-, 196608/-, 393216/-, 786432/-, 1572864/-, 3145728/-, 6291456/-, 12582912/-, 25165824/-, 50331648/-, 100663296/-, 201326592/-, 402653184/-, 805306368/-, 1610612736/-, 3221225472/-, 6442450944/-, 12884901888/-, 25769803776/-, 51539607552/-, 103079215104/-, 206158430208/-, 412316860416/-, 824633720832/-, 1649267441664/-, 3298534883328/-, 6597069766656/-, 13194139533312/-, 26388279066624/-, 52776558133248/-, 105553116266496/-, 211106232532992/-, 422212465065984/-, 844424930131968/-, 1688849860263936/-, 3377699720527872/-, 6755399441055744/-, 13510798882111488/-, 27021597764222976/-, 54043195528445952/-, 108086391056891904/-, 216172782113783808/-, 432345564227567616/-, 864691128455135232/-, 1729382256910270464/-, 3458764513820540928/-, 6917529027641081856/-, 13835058055282163712/-, 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Action After the Kysant Trial

The Crooks' Skin Game

Profiteers on the Peg

WE are able to reveal exclusively that, following the Kysant trial, the law officers of the Crown are already busily engaged in scrutinising the Company Act of 1929 and preparing amendments to be presented at the resumption of Parliament.

Stock Exchange, too

This move by the law officers will be supplemented by action to be taken probably by a joint committee representing the Stock Exchange and the profession of accountancy.

We trust the law officers will use the technical advice of these experts who have the handling of public money.

The big three

When Parliament resumes, the Government wants to see three Bills in the Statute-book before the end of the session. They are the Consumers' Council Bill, to stop food profiteering; the Sunday Performances Bill, and the Town and Country Planning Bill.

Britain first

The serious effects in London of the German crisis should lead to a considerable change in banking outlook. London has financed business all over the world, on the Continent, in South America, in the East, and elsewhere, but British industrialists have again and again been refused money for necessary developments.

International finance is all right if it is not carried on to the detriment of British industry. The City should turn its attention in the future to the needs of national commerce.

The next step

Having got his Land Utilisation Bill through, the Minister of Agriculture is preparing to fix up the unemployed,

and those farm-labourers who want them, with small holdings.

Before the measure was half way to the Statute-book, Dr. Addison had received thousands of applications. These were carefully registered and the writers will soon be communicated with.

Acquiring the land and apportioning it out will take time, but the Minister is full of enthusiasm, and does not intend to waste a moment.

About time

Mr. Arthur Henderson intends to give M. Sokolnikoff, the Soviet Ambassador, another reminder that Russia



To jog his memory . . .

determined to see that a reasonable offer is made, and that soon.

The miners' dream

Contracts for large quantities of British coal have been placed during the past few days.

The most important customers are the Egyptian State Railways, which have contracted for 100,000 tons, and the National Brazilian Railway, which has ordered 50,000 tons.

Last year the Brazilian order went to Germany, and the entire quantity was carried in German vessels.

"Look-outs" for squalls

The report of the Departmental Committee appointed to enquire into the coastguard system confirms our forecast last week that no tangible improvement would be made.

Indeed, the service is to be still further whittled down, and in place of the men watchers who are being dispensed with, the fantastic suggestion is made that the services of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides should be utilised.

The watchers who remain are all ex-Naval men, most of them with pensions.

They are no doubt all excellent, but we think it a pity that some of the thousands of merchant seamen who

are tramping from dock to dock in a vain search for work are not offered a job which they can do well.

A fair basis would be 50 per cent. from each Service, and no efforts should be spared to bring the system up to full strength on this basis.

In houses of death

Medical officers of health in several South Wales towns have again drawn attention to the lack of mortuaries.

The absence of proper facilities is so great that it is often necessary to conduct post-mortem examinations in the living-rooms of the deceased persons' houses.

This scandalous state of affairs demands immediate investigation by the Ministry of Health. Local authorities must be compelled to erect proper mortuaries.

Cosmopolitan gangs

The revival of gang affrays must not be laid wholly at the door of the race-course toughs. Italian and American crooks are active in London just now, practising a modified form of racketeering.

Their object is to prey upon milder crooks, pickpockets, confidence-men and the like, and they extort sums of money by threats of violence or exposure to the police.

A bag-snatcher who refused to meet the demands of one gang was recently set upon in the East End and left unconscious.

The police have a new problem here.

Going slow

Neither the Minister of Transport nor the railway companies will consent to being rushed into railway electrification without considerable further enquiry.

Apart from the expenditure of £400,000,000—the cost of electrifying the main lines and the suburban lines—this change would have important social consequences which cannot be ignored.

Thousands of miners would be thrown out of work by the decreased coal consumption of the railways. A great many railwaymen would also find their jobs gone if steam locomotives were abolished.

Would the net gains make the scheme worth while?

Still they come

Another new political Party is about to be formed. This time it comes from inside the Liberal Party. Its policy is Free Trade and the development of the Empire, and it is hoped to form branches in Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Many of the younger Liberals are expected to join it, and prominent men who supported Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Crusade Campaign are being approached to give it their blessing.

The Liberal Party leaders are divided about it.

An impostor trapped

Ex-Servicemen will be pleased to learn that a particularly mean impostor is now in jail at Durham.

He is James Richardson, of Jarrow, an ex-soldier in receipt of a pension. His habit was to stand in the streets of Durham, shaking and trembling and pleading loss of speech.

The truth came out when Richardson had to make a hurried jump to avoid a car. He said something, and then was wise enough to vanish.

Durham police have waited patiently, and at last caught him at the old game. Richardson trembled in court, but a month's hard labour should steady him.

Big new industries

Within the next few months Imperial Chemical Industries may begin to work their new processes for extracting petrol from coal.

One scheme would cost about £40,000,000 and would employ 40,000 men, half of them miners. About 2,000,000 tons of petrol and heavier oil would be recovered from 6,000,000 tons of coal treated each year.

The other scheme would cost between £8,000,000 and £9,000,000, and would employ about 5,000 men. It would recover about 220,000 tons of petrol a year.

The wrong basis

A political crisis of the first magnitude is foreshadowed by the report of the Economy Committee, which has proposed cuts to the extent of over £96,000,000 in the National Expenditure.

Unfortunately, it is suggested that over £80,000,000 of this should be saved on the unemployed and on teachers' salaries.

Not one word is said about the interest on the National Debt and very little on the expenditure of the Fighting Services, which between them eat up over £400,000,000 of the National revenue.

To talk of economy while ignoring these colossal amounts is just plain nonsense.

Another Carol?

Strange rumours are reaching London about the Italian Crown Prince Humbert and his Belgian bride, Princess Marie Jose.

It is said that an open breach is imminent owing to Humbert having formed another attachment, and that only Mussolini's refusal to permit Princess Marie Jose to leave Italy stands in the way of annulment proceedings in the papal court.

This sort of scandal, so similar to recent Roumanian extravagances, does no good to the institution of monarchy.



Mussolini stands between . . .

Too much insurance

An extraordinary position is disclosed by Sir George Robertson, the Industrial Insurance Commissioner. He shows that no fewer than 200,000 children are over-insured.

Out of 1,490 children under ten who die each week, he calculates that fifty are over-insured through more than one policy being taken out.

In future, steps are to be taken to prevent more than one policy being issued. Either nobody but the parent or guardian is to be allowed to insure the child or the Registrar-General is to issue a certificate of insurance to the parent when the birth is registered.

No one will be allowed to take out a policy without producing this certificate.

Devil and deep sea

Many Welsh miners who have retired from active work have been living on the rents from small blocks of property.

Now they are faced with the problem of paying the rates when the unemployed tenants of their houses owe them as much as £50 to £100 rent. The only way to avoid the rates is to evict the tenants.

It would be an immense and humane service if the authorities could arrange long-term payments of rates so that landlords need not evict unfortunate and workless tenants.

Ca'canny Liverpool

An effort made to throw a "wet blanket" over the British Exhibition Ship scheme has not been successful.

True, the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has declared through its chairman that it cannot officially support a private enterprise, but already 350 British firms have taken space, and the launching of additional ships is being discussed.

After visiting Canada, Central and South America, it is intended that the next tour will be made to India and the Far East.

New frightfulness

Trials of a new all-electric torpedo have been made off Newport, Rhode Island, by the United States Navy.

It is reported that it can travel at thirty-five miles an hour and maintain this velocity independent of the distance from which the torpedo has been launched, so long as the storage batteries are active.

And the Disarmament Conference looms ahead!

Making trouble

There is a general move to reduce the salaries of municipal officials.

In these circumstances, it should be widely known that certain town clerks have a legal right to receive from their London agents—also solicitors—a division of profits on a fifty-fifty basis.

This is a direct incentive to create costly Parliamentary Bills and Orders of every description, and to cause the ceaseless buying of properties.

There cannot be any improvement until all town clerks are paid salaries that include all services. The 50 per cent. commission from municipal activities should be made illegal.

Let them rest

An alarming increase in accidents involving motor coaches and lorries is reported from the North.

There is irrefutable evidence that in almost every case these are due to

"IF YOU SEE IT"—(Continued)

overtired drivers going to sleep at the wheel.

According to the Transport and General Workers' Union, many drivers work over a hundred hours a week and dare not protest—there are so many unemployed drivers ready and willing to take their places.

The employers of these unfortunate men need a sharp lesson to cure them of deliberately risking valuable lives.

To check corruption

It is very unfortunate that Mr. F. A. Macquisten, M.P., should have failed with his Bill to amend the Prevention of Corruption Act.



"Making corruption safe," he warns

It is probable that the Bill will be consigned with scores of others to the legislative dustbin.

We deplore it because the Bill would have done something to strike at the evil of secret commissions.

The Act of 1906, as Mr. Macquisten says, has chiefly had the effect of "making corruption safe and undiscoverable."

In these bad times there is more bribery and corruption than ever in the business world.

Blood money

We understand that the amount paid by the Treasury to informers on income-tax matters has totalled £3,104 in the last three years. The highest sum paid to an individual has been £500.

Whatever the results, we consider that such a practice is definitely un-British, and it would be better if it were ended.

Income-tax defaulters know the penalty for evasion; they are found out soon or late, and a highly paid staff is employed by the State to trap them.

It is not in the public interest for the State to encourage the meanest of human failings—the spy who betrays for reward.

In foreign prisons

The brutal treatment of John Thorburn, who was imprisoned at Soochow after being flogged and mutilated, is at last to be investigated.

We have often pointed out the appalling dangers run by British subjects who are thrown into foreign prisons. In dozens of cases nothing more is ever heard of them.

At the present moment there are no doubt scores of Englishmen languishing in foreign lock-ups.

Here is a task for the League of Nations if these men are ever to regain their freedom.

Shortening the "black list"

Elementary schools on the "black list" are now being dealt with more rapidly. In the past two years the number has been reduced from 2,000 to 1,500.

We hope that Mr. Lees-Smith will spare no pains to accelerate the process still further.

These "black list" schools are often highly insanitary, and they endanger the health of the children who are taught there.

A considerable number are being closed down altogether. That is the best thing to do with them.

Branded children

In this connection there are still fifty-six schools in the country known as "Poor Law" schools and which are exclusively for "Poor Law" children.

This segregation of children in special schools under the stigma of pauperism is highly undesirable. There are ten thousand of these children—all receiving the indelible impress of "Poor Law."

We hope that under the new Local Government Act the county and borough councils will make short work of these institutions. The children should at once be sent to the ordinary public elementary schools.

Mr. Lees-Smith should also pay special attention to this problem.

Hearing Honolulu

Before many months the Post Office hopes to link up the entire civilised world to the telephones of home subscribers.

Secret tests in connection with the Japanese service have proved satisfactory, and already one can 'phone to Honolulu.

Negotiations for services to South Africa and Egypt are also making headway, and it remains for Major Attlee to make these calls possible at reasonable charges.

Settlers in the wilds of the Empire will be overjoyed if they can ring up the folks in the Old Country cheaply.

Caught once more

Some time ago we exposed a rogue named Leonard Mitchell, who posed as a printer and stationer and obtained cash deposits against orders never completed.

In 1929 he was sentenced to twelve months at Surrey Assizes, but the lesson was not sharp enough.

Three years' penal servitude is his real reward, and we are thankful that Sir Montagu Sharpe, K.C., chairman of Middlesex Sessions, has given Mitchell this time in which to ponder over his sins.

Victimising the small trader is one of the crimes justifying a salutary lesson.

Canada's film war

The film problem in Canada is evidently very like our own. In a report of an official investigation into the film situation in Canada it is stated that Mr. Zukor and his combine

AUGUST 8, 1931
have been putting the stopper on British films.

Out of 949 films released in Canada between 1926 and 1930, only seventy-three were British; the remainder were American.

Famous Players Canadian Corporation and Paramount Public Corporation are doing their utmost to make big profits in Canada, and at the same time, to fight the British film industry.

Here is a chance for the Government to do something for a new and promising industry.

Welfare paradox

Wives of working men are allowed free foods and special dried milks for their babies at welfare centres when the husbands are unemployed.

When the man resumes employment the supply is stopped. The result is an immediate loss of weight by baby.

These mothers cannot afford the high-priced foods even when there is a weekly wage coming in, and in many cases it is impossible to buy certain foods supplied at these centres.

Thus we get the curious position of children being better off when father is out of work.

The white scourge

The Spahlinger treatment is again to the fore. Following upon the Geneva tests which were 100 per cent.



No use for red tape

perfect, the tests undertaken in Norfolk have also proved satisfactory. The Government of Northern Ireland recently voided £10,000 in order to carry out experiments with M. Spahlinger's bovine vaccine.

On the other hand, our Government has merely reiterated its "willingness to co-operate" whatever the means. It is an open secret that difficulties arose in the previous negotiations with M. Spahlinger, partly owing, perhaps, to the fact that a test basis acceptable to red-tape officials might not be acceptable to a scientist.

Clearly, it is time that there were special facilities for investigating remedies, and we hope for good results from the newly appointed Therapeutic Trials Committee.

A timely warning

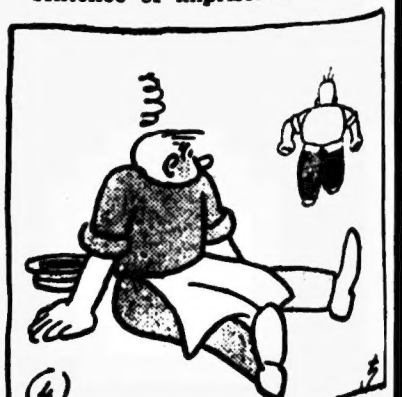
Readers in all parts of the country who "wrote to JOHN BULL about" some months ago were told that membership of the Association of Approved Private Hotels of Great Britain and Ireland, whose offices were in Conduit Street, London, W., could be of little use.

Walter Horace Porter, the secretary whose registered address was at 8, Leonards-on-Sea, toured the country collecting subscriptions of two guineas from any he was able to impress with his high-sounding titles and extravagant promises.

His victims will be relieved to hear that Porter is now serving a sentence of imprisonment.

ADAMSON'S—

—Lightning K.O.



The £30,000,000 SUGAR Scandal

by the Rt Hon
**SIR HERBERT
SAMUEL**
G.C.B. M.P.

THE Ministry of Agriculture report on the sugar-beet industry has just been issued. It discloses the startling fact that the subsidy, which cost the taxpayer £30,000,000 in last six years, has failed to establish the industry as self-supporting in slightest degree.

In the challenging article on this subject, Sir Herbert Samuel denounces the subsidy as a disgraceful piece of national financial profligacy, which should be ended as our commitments permit.

JOHN BULL has the more pleasure in stating this contribution from this distinguished statesman because we ourselves drew attention several years ago to the results of this subsidy now so trenchantly exposed by Sir Herbert Samuel.

THE ordinary Englishman is very long-suffering, very patient. But there are times when he is roused.

If he finds that he has been misled; that appeals have been made to his public spirit and his response has been turned to private profit; that those who profess the greatest desire to safeguard the pocket have made him pay large sums for the benefit of particular interests—he gets angry. And quite rightly.

He ought to be angry now. Six years ago he was induced to subsidise a new industry—manufacture of sugar from beetroot.

This new industry was to give widespread employment to British agriculturists. It was to establish great new sugar factories which, after a short time, would be fully self-supporting and remain to add to the national wealth.

As there would be risks for those who embarked upon this new enterprise, some financial help would have to be given at the start.

With these objects in view, the Beet-sugar Subsidy Act was passed. To help the industry further, the taxation on the sugar produced at home was reduced to the level of the tax on foreign sugar. The Government also guaranteed over £2,000,000 of the capital of the companies.

We have now a full statement of the results up to date. A voluminous report from the Ministry of Agriculture, together with answers given in Parliament to a number of questions put to the Government Departments, has revealed the present state of affairs. And the amazing state of affairs it is.

By the end of this year the public will have been called upon to pay thirty million pounds for the benefit of this industry!

Still dear to you

BEFORE the subsidy period ends—it was fixed for ten years—the figure will be nearly forty millions.

The price of sugar, apart from the taxes it has varied from 2½d. a pound down to 1½d. To enable the home-grown sugar to be produced, there has been a gift from public funds equal to 2½d. on every pound.

But this has not enabled the purchasers in the shops to buy their sugar any cheaper than they would otherwise have done; for, the report says, "the price of home-grown sugar is governed by world-market conditions."

British sugar is only a sixtieth part of the total production—much too small a proportion to affect the prices.

Let it not be thought, however, that our expenditure has been unprofitable. Far from it. The Anglo-Dutch group of beet-sugar

companies, for example, erected a number of factories. They invested £2,000,000. In six years they have been able to put to reserve and to apply to depreciation £2,460,000.

They are, in fact, in a position to repay all their capital, together with a bonus of nearly half a million, while still possessing their factories and machinery.

And, meanwhile, they have had the satisfaction of paying dividends averaging 10 per cent. per annum, free of income tax!

The largest company has paid for the last five years dividends of 20 per cent., tax free. The other sugar companies have done well, though not quite so well.

So the taxpayer, although in these hard times he might be inclined to grudge his thirty millions, can have the pleasure of feeling that at all events someone has benefited from them!

Labour—at a price

THERE has, no doubt, been some additional employment given on the farms in the eastern counties. But not very much. For as the area under beet has gone up, the area under turnips, mangolds and swedes has gone down—not to the same extent, but very largely—and some land has been transferred from corn.

The farmers have been given a great financial inducement to grow this crop instead of other crops, and there has not been very much employment that is really additional.

What, however, has been the cost involved by this employment, such as it is?

Making the most generous estimate of the number of extra men engaged in agriculture, and adding all the men engaged in the sugar factories, it works out that British taxpayers have been paying over 25s. for each day that each man has been employed.

There are simple reasons why the expense has been so colossal.

In the first place, the companies made such terms for themselves that, in spite of the great fall in the price of sugar, they have been able to accumulate these great reserves and to distribute these vast profits.

In the second place, the British industry is run at a much heavier cost than the industries abroad with which it is competing.

The report tells us that the prices paid to the farmers for their beet have been "roughly double" here what they are there; and this although "the Continental costs of cultivation are not substantially different from those in this country."

The subsidy allowed such large profits that "many farmers were induced to grow beet on unsuitable land," and "new and inexperienced growers have been constantly taking up the crop." As a consequence, the amount of sugar produced per acre of beet is only two-thirds in this country of what it is in the Continental countries.

The distance of transporting the crop from the farm to the factory—a very important con-



A mass of stacked sweetness—and a girl with the raw material and the refined sugar

sideration—is twice here what it is there; the cost of the transport is three times as heavy.

In the British factories the cost of manufacture is half as much again per hundred-weight of sugar produced as in the Continental factories. But all this does not matter. John Citizen puts his hand in his pocket and makes up the difference in every case.

And we are set to compete not only against the long-established beet-sugar industry in the neighbouring countries of Europe, but also against the cane-sugar industry in our own Colonies and elsewhere. The Colonies suffer and come to us for help.

While with one hand we are paying British farmers to grow sugar, with the other we are paying grants to West Indian farmers to help to compensate them for their loss.

Here is another important fact. The amount of sugar produced from an acre of beet cultivation in Great Britain averages one ton and a third. In the tropics the amount of sugar produced from an acre of cane rises to nearly six tons. But this does not matter either. We make good this difference as well.

The world's production of sugar is beyond the demand. It has increased by no less than 50 per cent. since the war. The surplus mounts up and up every year, and the price goes down and down.

Reason to be angry

EFFORTS have been made for several years past to induce the growers everywhere to produce less sugar. Conferences have been held; the League of Nations has intervened.

And this is the time when, out of a revenue already insufficient, and in face of the severe depression of great staple industries which might have a much stronger claim for help—coal, cotton, steel and the rest—the Government is paying thirty million pounds for the sake of this doubtful experiment.

We are being made to spend thirty millions, which we have not got, in order to induce people to produce sugar which is not needed!

Even this is not all. This year, because of the lower prices of sugar, an extra £200,000 over and above all the previous grants has been obtained from Parliament and given to the beet-growers.

There is some reason why we should be angry. It is time that public opinion should make it absolutely clear that such extravagances must cease, and that, as soon as ever our commitments allow, this leak in the nation's coffers shall be effectively stopped.

Weed Out THE SHIRKERS

Mr. RHYS DAVIES, M.P.,
Alan Road, Withington Manchester

DEAR MR. DAVIES.—Your courage and candour in tackling the problem of National Health Insurance must find many imitators in and out of Parliament if the situation is to be saved.

When you said, "I am satisfied that the standard of honour has got to be improved," you showed the way to those timorous people who fear to offend by diagnosing the disease.

Your cure is obvious. All the approved societies, whether trades union or general, must unite to defeat the minority of "lead-swingers" and cheats.

But the bodies which govern the doctors, the chemists and the opticians must bear an equally grave responsibility for those venal members who, fearing to lose patients, grant certificates which cannot be justified.

I trust you will take the initiative in a more general appeal for honour and efficiency.

JOHN BULL.

Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE, M.P.,
Little Heath Lodge, Potters Bar, Middx.

DEAR SIR NICHOLAS.—I should be the last person to accuse you of any lack of diligence in busying yourself in the nation's affairs—particularly in the face of the formidable list of questions asked by you in the House of Commons, a list which occupies 13½ columns in the last annual index.

But I may be allowed my belief that your diligence has, quite often, been misapplied. Your suggestion the other day that magistrates' courts should hear *in camera* all cases of murder, manslaughter and criminal assaults is a case in point, and it was, I am glad to see, firmly negated by the Home Secretary.

There have been too many encroachments already on the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the courts.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,
4, Whitchall Court, London, S.W.

DEAR G.B.S.—We all have come to look on you as a kind of super-seer, whose utterances can be taken either as unparalleled wisdom or unparalleled nonsense.

Your statement to the Russian workers at a Moscow factory is typical.

According to report, you said: "When I return to England I shall exert myself to persuade the British workers to do the same as you are doing here."

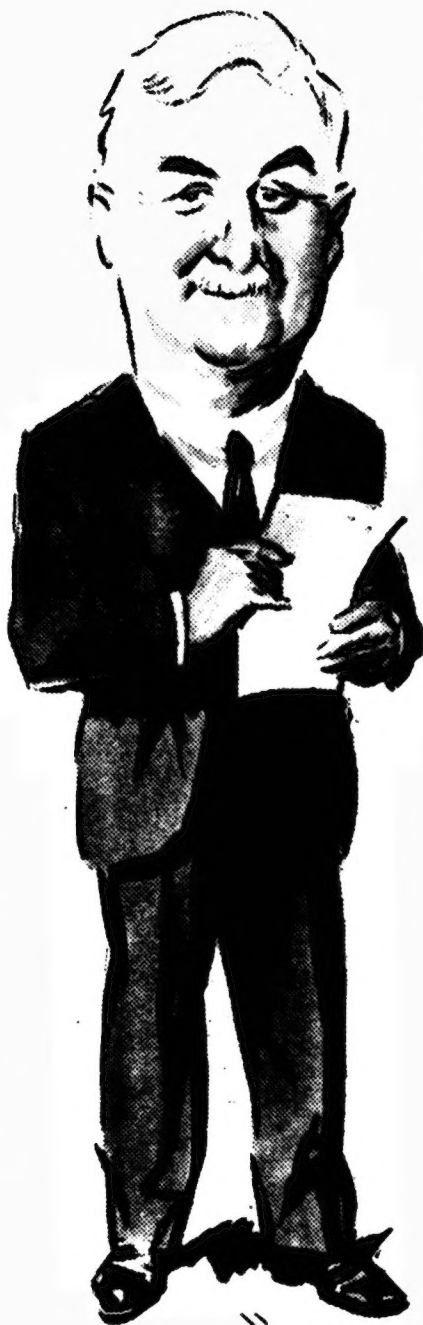
I incline to the view that this utterance of yours is nonsense; but I shall await with interest your efforts at "persuading." Good laughs are rare, nowadays.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR MR. SNOWDEN.—Your cold and measured declaration the other day of the impregnable solidity of the British financial structure was plainly directed at France.

For weeks there had been a steady, but insidious, campaign in the French Press, aimed at the soundness of our



credit, stating openly that we were ruined.

Those statements have been reflected in recent French financial and foreign policy. They have been fostered by the same gang of fanatics who screamed with outraged astonishment when you "closed the till" at the Hague.

I know, and they know, that when you speak to the foreigner there

sounds the authentic voice of England. They don't like the sound, but we do. I wish a few more of your fellow-Ministers would learn the same tune.

JOHN BULL.

The PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE, Hull

SIRS.—You can hardly be congratulated on your attitude towards Doris Appleyard, a crippled girl inmate of one of your institutions.

While there, she attempted to find employment, and at last she succeeded in getting domestic work for 6s. a week.

You found it out and marred her new-found happiness by demanding £11 arrears of maintenance and threatening proceedings. This to a girl who has been crippled from birth.

You have demonstrated officialdom at its very worst.

JOHN BULL.

Mr VAUGHAN WILLIAMS,
Recorder, Cardiff Quarter Sessions

DEAR SIR.—You are a man blessed with the understanding of the truly wise.

Joseph Alfred Reed, an unemployed youth of eighteen, stood before you on a charge of breaking and entering.

You ascertained that while he was on bail he saved two children from drowning, despite the fact that he cannot swim. Loath to make a jail-bird of a very gallant lad, you bound him over.

I believe Reed will justify your mercy and become a citizen of whom Cardiff will be as proud as I am of Cardiff's Recorder.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR HAYDAY, M.P.,
President of the T.U.C.

DEAR MR. HAYDAY.—Now that you and your colleagues have had a good look round Elstree, I hope you will not forget one important point.

It is that the Film Quota Act was intended to help the British film industry, not to provide "chicken-feed" for Hollywood.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. STRAKER,
Northumberland Miners' Association

DEAR MR. STRAKER.—One of the old warriors of the trade-union movement, you have been secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association for twenty-six years.

During that time the members have never once been disappointed in you, and in all their struggles and sufferings you have taken your full share.

Miners and owners alike admire you for your blunt truths and straight

dealing, and I am glad that seventy-fourth birthday finds you without a thought of retiring.

There is still a great deal to be done before all is well in our coalfields, and I am glad you are still there to do your bit.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. J. CRAWLEY,
Chief Constable of Newcastle

DEAR MR. CRAWLEY.—Your authority and your vast experience at Scotland Yard gives your statements added weight when you say that "more girls have been degraded by the parasite theatrical agent than by any White Slaver."

The files of this journal contain tragic proofs of the truth of your statement.

I congratulate you on making so bold a public utterance, and welcome you as an ally in the fight I have waged for years to stamp out the scoundrel blackguards of whom you speak. Shake!

JOHN BULL.

Miss WINIFRED CLARA CULL,
St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.

DEAR WOMAN PROFESSOR.—In a lecture to the Summer School of Hygiene College, at Oxford, on the psychology of adolescence, you omitted from your thesis the importance of young people in the dawn of manhood and womanhood falling in love.

At the end of your lecture, a world famous biologist, Sir Arthur Thomson, was greatly concerned about the omission, and I think rightly so.

Your reply was: "My omission does not mean I do not think falling in love is important, but I am not the person to talk about it."

I applaud in all sincerity the honesty of your confession that as a bachelor woman you are unfitted to deal with such a subject as love—and, I would add, motherhood and wifehood.

It is a pity that other women of some eminence who propose to order the doings of humanity are not as honest in the realisation of their own limited experience.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH: "Opportunity often has an ugly face and looks like nothing in the world but a job of hard work."

A few million people would like to see enough opportunities to go round.

Miss M. M. A. WARD (Catholic Social Guild): "Most of the children in our elementary schools are little hooligans."

A libel! There are few children in the world better behaved.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Oswald Mosley on—

WHERE are the boys of the New Brigade.

Where are the lads who flew Straight to my colours, my cause to aid.

All eager to see me through? Where, I ask, with a puckered brow, Where, oh, where, is that Party now?

They flocked to my standard one by one; They're leaving it two by two; With something attempted, nothing done.

And ev'rything still to do! My country found in its hour of need A leader—but where are the troops to lead?

Let me say here and now that, despite the fuss made about desertions from the Mosley Party when half my followers resigned and drove away in a taxi, it is our proud boast that we can still "form fours"—at any rate, in the singular.

Although our battalions have been depleted, 50 per cent. of our Parliamentary strength being now represented by myself and my wife, I must protest against the Mosley Party being made the subject of jests and gibes as if it were an insignificant faction.

Our membership in the House is four times greater than that of the Empire Free Trade Party and the United Empire Party combined. And even if it held a mass meeting to-morrow, and half of



My Four-Square ARMY

what remains decided to desert in a body, the Mosley Party, as long as I enjoy the support of my honourable friend, Lady Cynthia, would still be twice as strong numerically as the Party of which Admiral Taylor is the sole representative.

True, I have lost my only Parliamentary candidate, and my followers in the House number only three; but what the Party lacks in quantity it more than makes up for in quality.

We have no intention of striking our colours. The train is laid, we have set our hand to the plough, and we only await the favouring breeze that will carry our barque to the top of the hill.

The first need, of course, is for the Party leaders to meet and elect a new follower.

This, admittedly, may not be easy. But if everyone else deserts me, I shall still be able to lead myself and Lady Cynthia to victory, fortified by the

conviction of my invariable and inevitable rightness.

Upon this matter I've brooded long.

And oft in the still night

Have wondered why everyone else is wrong

While I am so clearly right.

A Tory by instinct and by descent.

A Tory I still might be.

If only the rest of the regiment

Had kept in step with me.

Again, when to Labour's fold I turned

I could not understand

Why those who were leading the Party

spurned

My offers to take command.

Had I been born in Italy

A glorious career

Would doubtless have awaited me

But I must languish here—

Must languish here until that long—

Day dawns—it can't be long—

When all agree that I am right

And all the world is wrong!

My Open Letter to BRIAND



by

A. G.

GARDINER

Addressing you publicly, dear M. Briand. I do not presume upon the slight acquaintance I was privileged to have with you during the Peace Conference.

I address you because in all the chaos and changes of French public life you are always in the centre of the stage, and because I believe that you are, what so few of your public men happen to be, a good European as well as a good Frenchman. When M. Clemenceau, comparing you with M. Poincaré, said that "Poincaré knows everything and understands nothing; Briand knows nothing and understands everything," he spoke at least one-half of the truth about you. You do understand. If I could select half-a-dozen Europeans and give them absolute power to bring order out of our chaos you would be one of them.

Remember our deeds

It is therefore in no spirit of personal reproach that I venture to express the deep disquiet which are felt in this country as to the disturbing and menacing policy of France. You, at least, will not question our right to speak and to speak plainly. You know how much your country owes to mine for the victorious issue of the war. Without British sea power, without the hundreds of millions of British money that was ungrudgingly lent to you, without the mighty army that was used for the defence of French soil, the war would have ended in six months, and your country to-day would be a vassal of Germany.

The noisy French journalists who pretend to dictate French policy may forget this. But you don't forget it. We don't forget it. History will not forget it.

I do not suggest that we were philanthropists in saving France from destruction. We saved you from destruction from a larger motive than the preservation of French civilisation. We saved you in order to save Europe, including ourselves, from the domination of a military despotism that threatened the liberties of every nation.

Raise another devil

We saved you as the first and vital step to inaugurating a new European system, abolishing the menace of militarism, and substituting the reign of law for the reign of force.

The last thing in our mind was that we were destroying one military despotism in Europe in order to build another.

I remember, and you remember, the attitude of your country to mine in those days of peril. How grateful you were for the gold we poured into your

treasury, for the Navy that imprisoned the enemy and gave you the freedom of the seas, for the armies that shed their blood to save your soil and scattered their money among your people.

How fully you appreciated our motive. Our enemy was not Germany, but German militarism. Our goal was not the substitution of one menace for another.

We were saving civilisation. We were destroying war as an instrument of policy. We were going to organise the world for peace.

Twelve years and more have passed since the German armies, ruined and routed, trailed back across the Rhine. The Kaiser had fled into exile. His machine was shattered and Prussian militarism was as dead as the militarism of Napoleon after Waterloo.

All that we had to do was to repair the ruin that had been done and to rebuild Europe on a better foundation.

Have we done it? Have we even begun to do it?

Forebodings

For answer, look at the world around. Never was it afflicted with more troubles, filled with more forebodings, more uncertain of the morrow.

True we have the League of Nations Covenant, the Locarno Treaty, the Kellogg Pact outlawing war. But behind all these pretences, the spectre of war is darkening the sky again.

We have peace; but an armed peace, a peace that may last a few years longer, but will destroy the next generation as it destroyed the last.

And out of this menace comes the unrest and the economic disorders of the world, unemployment, bad trade, financial chaos, all the offspring of fear and insecurity.

There are many contributory causes to this failure; but I do not think that you, dear M. Briand, would question, any more than the world does, that the main cause lies in Paris. We won the war for you; but you won the peace from us.

You have converted it into an instrument not for reorganising Europe on a new and better plan, but for restoring the old militarism, with Germany disarmed and France established in its place.

Perilous strength

You have paid lip-service to the League of Nations, you have extracted from us the Locarno Treaty as the guarantee of your security, you have signed the Kellogg Pact as a solemn renunciation of war.

But behind all these demonstrations of peace you have been building up a military domination more formidable than anything in history.

You have created a system of military outposts all over the Continent. You have an army that is supreme on the Continent. You have militarised Africa, as no other country has ever done, and have militarised it with the definite view of employing it in the European theatre.

Your dominion in the air is as indisputable as your dominion on land, and your overwhelming strength in submarines is, however we may shut our eyes to it, a menace to our security more formidable than any that exists to yours.

Mr. Balfour, you will remember, stated this very frankly to you at the Washington Conference in 1921. Since then the menace has not grown less. It has grown infinitely greater.

* * *

And your policy has not been confined to arming yourself. Diplomati-



"Is it too late for you to convince your country . . . ?"

cally, the story of these twelve years is the ceaseless effort of the Quai d'Orsay to defeat every attempt to bring a better spirit into European relations.

I have spoken of the Washington Conference. It was France, through you personally, which sandbagged that first great effort to effect disarmament. It was France which defeated the full success of the London Conference last year.

America, Britain and Japan came to terms. You stood out. When later Mr. Henderson thought he had secured an accommodation between you and Italy, you threw him over.

It was France which set the finances of Europe rocking, as they are rocking still, by its refusal to help Austria.

It was France which did its best to destroy the Hoover scheme and by holding it up for weeks led to the "run" on the German banks that is the cause of the present alarming situation.

It was France which made the recent conference in London so pitiable a failure.

You bar the way!

Wherever we turn in the pursuit of peace it is you who bar the way. Your weapons are not only arms: they are money. You alone have done well out of the war. You have secured the remission of two-thirds of your debt to us.

The British taxpayer is burdened with four hundred millions of debt on your account. You had the money; the British taxpayer is paying it off for you.

It is small comfort to him that you are spending the money which belongs to him in building submarines and airplanes that threaten his security.

Nor is this all. You are using your money ostentatiously as a source of

power. You are hoarding gold and starving the commerce of the world.

In the midst of the crisis of the past few weeks you deliberately withdrew twenty millions sterling from London to put pressure on us. Even your most faithful friend in the London Press, the *Morning Post*, deplored this sinister fact.

World isolation?

If this is all true—and you cannot deny its truth—am I not right in saying that it is your country that is the chief source of these twelve years of failure, that it is your country that blocks the path to world peace?

And need I say more to explain the cause of those deep disquiet which prevail in this country in regard to yours? It is your policy which is the cause of the cloud that overshadows the world's sky. While that cloud remains there can be no hope of world recovery, world disarmament or world peace.

It is in your power to lift it. I think you will do well to lift it. For great as you are in military power, rich as you are in money power, you cannot defy the current of the world.

You cannot afford, any more than Germany could afford, to invite the suspicion and the distrust of human society. The world wants peace. I think it is strong enough to get it.

Is it too late for you to convince your country that it will be worth its while to help the world to get what it must have?

A. G. Gardiner

Staggering "Scarlet Letter" Persecution

MRS. ANNIE BAKER, a thirty-six-year-old widow with a baby of nine months, escaped a few days ago from the mental ward of a Warwick institution.

She is now a hunted fugitive because it has been demanded that she and her child shall be recaptured.

We dare this woman's persecutors ever to lay hands on her again.

Mrs. Baker has been held prisoner by the lunacy authorities because she broke the Seventh Commandment.

She was deprived of her family, her home, her citizenship, and her freedom because she lived in the state of wedlock with a married man.

For the death in the war of her husband, a sergeant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Mrs. Baker was allowed a pension of 30s. weekly.

One of the scandalous aspects of the issue of British war-pensions is that they are not a right, but a favour, and no woman who lost her husband or son in battle can continue to receive one if she is held to be "unworthy."

At Leamington Spa, which is Mrs. Baker's home, the war-pension authorities insist upon the full observance of the moral code.

Mrs. Baker broke the accepted code, and the first penalty was the total loss of her pension. She has since paid much more terribly because she refused to part from the man she loved, but was unable to wed.

Caught!

There was nothing hidden or covert about this union. It was open and known, and the man concerned, Mr. John Hickman, a local tradesman with a spotless record, never evaded the responsibilities of the partnership.

In the ten years of their association four children have been born to them. Inevitably, in a small town, the man and woman had to submit to continuous stonemasonry, but they would not surrender to it.

But thirteen months ago they were sundered by authority, and their young family was taken from them.

One evening Mrs. Baker and three of her children were walking in Leamington. They stopped to shelter from the rain outside a grocer's shop with a low and open front.

A man on the other side of the street saw one of the children remove a jar of beef and a jar of pickles from the shop front.

He told a policeman, and when the



There was nothing covert about this union between Mr. John Hickman....

officer approached Mrs. Baker he found the two small jars tucked behind the baby in its go-cart.

It was never disputed that they had been put there by one of the children.

But when Mrs. Baker was brought before the magistrates and charged with stealing the articles, the man who had reported the incident stated that from the other side of the street he had heard her instructing the child to take them.

This she strenuously denied.

For an inexplicable reason in such a simple case, Mrs. Baker was remanded for three weeks in custody.

During that time, of course, local officialdom had seized and separated her children.

The little ones were put away in different public homes and their mother has never seen them again.

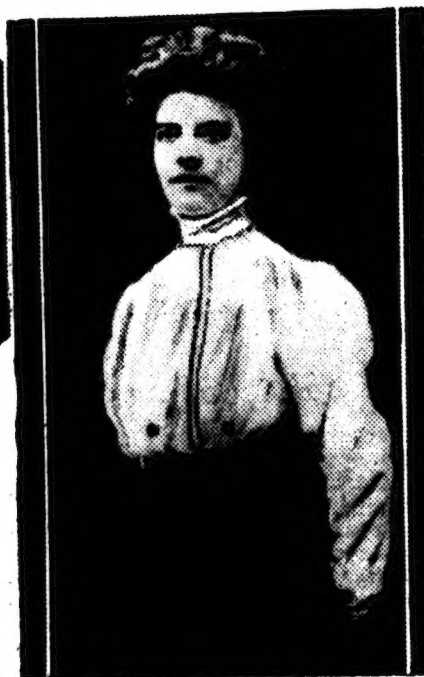
Mrs. Baker herself was next disposed of.

One day the prison doctor had a consultation with the magistrates.

Put away

He told them three things about the woman—that her memory was not very good, that she was somewhat weak in arithmetic, and, worst of all, that she

Hunted Widow OUTRAGE



.... and Mrs. Baker, who has paid such a terrible penalty

clung persistently to her opinion that she saw no wrong, while marriage was impossible, in being the unmarried wife of a man she loved.

So the worthy justices of Leamington certified her to be a moral defective, and ordered her to be detained as a mental deficient.

Mrs. Baker is not and never has been of unsound or feeble mind. Her views of moral rectitude are her own and should not have been mixed publicly with such amazing things as her knowledge of arithmetic and the supposed theft of a jar of pickles.

At that time Mrs. Baker was expecting another baby, and it was born in the institution where she was made prisoner.

When the child was a few months old she escaped with it. She established a new home at Kenilworth, Warwickshire, and, arranging to have the baby attended during the day, obtained a post as cook-housekeeper.

Two months afterwards the authorities discovered her, and at ten o'clock one night, while nursing her baby, she was removed by force from her new home and taken back to the institution.

A few weeks later she again got away, and this time found a post as housekeeper at Lillington. Once more, however, the police traced and seized her.

In and out

She was back in the place only for three hours when she escaped for the third time.

Her freedom lasted only for a day, when the police apprehended her in Leamington.

How, it will be asked, was it possible for an alleged mental patient to escape so easily and so often?

The answer is that it was recognised that there was nothing wrong with Mrs. Baker's mental condition and that she was really being detained as

punishment for her attachment to a man who was not her husband.

It was not considered necessary to impose any guard upon her or her movements.

Then, it may be further asked, why did the doctors not discharge her?

This answer is to be found in the astonishing lunacy laws. Incredible though it may seem, these doctors have no power to do so.

Freedom can be granted to a mental prisoner only by the Board of Lunacy Control, and this body, acting on the reports of local justices, refused to release Mrs. Baker.

Clear proof of the fact that she was being held captive solely because her private mode of life was not regarded with favour by certain people in Leamington is to be obtained from proposals made to Mr. Hickman.

An ultimatum

He was approached a number of times and told that Mrs. Baker could have her liberty if he gave an undertaking not to continue associating with her as a husband.

Bluntly he refused. He and the woman loved each other, he replied, he was the father of her children, and to surrender her would be worse than desertion.

This astounding affair came to a climax a few days ago.

During the year she had been a prisoner, Mrs. Baker had been deprived of her civil widow's pension, and the local authority sought to get the money for itself for her maintenance.

Mrs. Baker challenged it. She—an alleged mental deficient—presented the facts of her detention so convincingly to the Ministry of Health that the department conducted a private enquiry into the case from London.

In consequence, a week ago the Ministry refused to pay the money to the local authority and stated that it was satisfied that Mrs. Baker was entirely capable of managing her own affairs.

Stop this tyranny!

By the same post it sent all the arrears of pension in the form of a personal draft to Mrs. Baker at the place where she was detained.

Next day representatives of the local authority told Mrs. Baker that her baby was to be taken from her and she was to be sent to a distant part of the country on licence as a domestic servant.

Never, she declared, would she submit to this further outrageous attempt to separate her from the man she loved. Her baby, she also protested, was not yet weaned, and she would not allow it to be taken from her as her other children had been fished.

The mother's appeals and protests were ignored, and preparations were made for the final complete separation.

But Mrs. Baker has thwarted them. With her baby and the money provided by the Ministry of Health she has again escaped.

We demand that her inquisitors stop the search for her, and challenge them, if her whereabouts does become known, ever to put her back in captivity.

Tipster's War-Loan Lure

R. LESTER JAMES, who gives his address as Oxenden Street, Haymarket, London, S.W., is busily distributing circulars through the post in connection with a new money-spinning venture.

His scheme, he asserts, is as sound as war loan, but yields 260 per cent. profit yearly instead of a humble 5 per cent.

Such amazing profits may sound incredible, but R. Lester James begs the public not to criticise his offer in a sceptical spirit.

He submits an elaborately-printed chart, showing details of operations from March to June of this year, and purporting to prove that an investment of £100 has returned £1,259 in thirteen weeks.

What is the secret?

James assures prospective clients that, having studied the possibilities

of the totalisator, he proposes to form investment syndicates to operate a system on a large scale.

This system, he declares, has been fully exploited with success upon the Continent, so he is now prepared to accept subscriptions from those willing to invest multiples of £20, £50 and upwards.

Apart from the interest of 260 per cent. per year, James promises quarterly dividends.

In these circumstances, it is interesting to ask what James proposes to make out of it all.

This financial genius, who holds golden secrets of wealth, and who has turned £100 into £1,259 in thirteen short weeks, is content to keep back 10 per cent., and that is merely to "cover overhead charges."

What a philanthropist! And what an optimist, if he expects the public not to be sceptical!

Weekly Informations from MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

ARREST the Godfrey Gang!

Here you see Park Lane, the home of millionaires, in which Godfrey lived in luxury—Brixton Jail, in which he toiled in less prosperous days—and Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., who denounced him as a merciless rogue

E.C., produced a bogus financial newspaper called the *Daily Financial Star*. His chief associate was another disreputable person named John Angrove Rogers, who was his willing tool.

Godfrey's progress was now rapid. Keeping well in the background, he formed company after company, all with dummy directors. He was now installed in Park Lane—and Peltic Lane was a distant memory.

Shares in dubious companies were foisted upon the public on such a scale that Godfrey soon found that he required bigger offices.

So he entered into an arrangement with a man who was conducting a weekly financial organ whereby the columns of that journal could be used to further his ends. Large offices were taken at Holborn Viaduct House and christened as the headquarters of

which JOHN BULL specifically exposed, was called the Rosey Cross Asbestos Mines.

Only a few days ago Mr. Justice Maugham, in ordering an official winding-up of this concern, endorsed our published contention that the whole thing was a colossal fraud.

His lordship expressed the opinion that it was difficult to see that the company had carried out any work at all. The facts were very singular and reflected no credit on the directors.

He also made special comment on the fact that the shares were foisted upon the public by a gang of share-pushers, observing that he was glad to know that one of them at least was now in jail.

That one is Mark Godfrey.

"The company is one which, if not a fraudulent concern from the beginning," his lordship concluded, "has acted so as to throw the gravest doubts on its history. It is a case for investigation."

Colleagues at large

Other concerns with which he was associated include the Union Securities, Ltd.; Aldermans' Trust; Seward, Fraser and Co.; Mayfair Publications; Associated Electric and Monoxide Gas Corporation; Penhalonga West Rhodesia, Ltd., and the St. Swithin's Trust.

I could add many more, but I prefer now to confine myself to exposing those of his colleagues whose operations, though Godfrey is out of harm's way, merit the attention of the Public Prosecutor.

Before me at the moment are three box files crammed with complaints relating to the concern called Seward, Fraser and Company.

Some are from people who have been completely ruined—tradesmen on the verge of retirement, widows, spinsters in the evening of their lives, who have been ruthlessly robbed by Godfrey and his confederates.

And who are those confederates? One is a "Mr. Seymour," who was constantly in evidence at the offices of Seward, Fraser and Co., at Dashwood House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

He is actually Godfrey's brother and cannot pretend that he was unaware of what was going on.

He has worked with Godfrey in other coups, and acted for his brother in offering a bribe to a police officer as an inducement to obtain facilities for the entry of a notorious alien share-pusher into this country.

Old woman's fortune

Another Dashwood House disciple was Charles Beaumont, a dashing jazz-salesman, who figures in many of the complaints before me as a man whose silver tongue induced numerous investors to part with their money.

His real name, I can reveal, is Isodore Beaumgart, and he is an associate of another of Godfrey's friends, named Pearl, who is at this moment wanted by the police for swindling an old woman out of £6,500 in a share deal.

Beaumgart is a hardened share-swindler himself, having served at least one sentence for his part in previous frauds.

Among the others who have played leading parts, and whose operations I should like to see thoroughly investigated, is A. G. Clinton. He, too, was a jazz-salesman with Seward, Fraser and Co.

The "Godfrey gang" blames the persistent publicity in JOHN BULL as being largely responsible for Godfrey's downfall.

To a large degree it is right; but I certainly think that Mr. Tindal Atkinson, K.C., the Public Prosecutor, should be praised for the great part he played in finally bringing this rogue to book.



MANY of my readers have doubtless wondered why I have not previously referred to the sentence of seven years' penal servitude passed upon Sidney Godfrey, alias Skylinsky, at the Old Bailey on May 29 last.

The reason is that he lodged notice of appeal against his conviction, and it would consequently have been improper for me to have made any further comment until his appeal had been decided.

Last week, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Acton refused to interfere in any way with Skylinsky's sentence for what was described as a "cunning and merciless fraud."

Wyndham Childs

British Industrial Financial Newspapers.

Actually, Godfrey was in charge with a large staff, including his brother and a following of American crooks.

Two of these, who I may mention are wanted by Scotland Yard for obtaining money by false pretences, are William Maynard and James Mellor.

It would serve no useful purpose were I to give space to naming the endless companies controlled by Godfrey, and through which, at a modest estimate, he netted £500,000.

One company which he boosted, and

HE enforced removal from the highly respected financial circles of the City of London of Sidney Godfrey, alias Mark Godfrey, alias Seymour Sedney, marks the closing of one of the most resourceful swindlers who has ever figured in the criminal dock.

Readers of JOHN BULL should note conviction with particular satisfaction, for I do not think I am being unduly boastful when I say that I regard the repeated exposure of Godfrey in this journal as one of the greatest triumphs of the Investigation Department over which I preside.

Godfrey's fall was as dramatic as his rise was phenomenal. From a common sneak-thief, running about the East End streets in rags, he rose to the position of a wealthy magnate, and at last possessed a resplendent residence in Park Lane, London, two motor-cars and a private aeroplane.

The full story of Godfrey's rise and fall can now be told, and in telling it I shall not spare those of his chief colleagues who are still at large and deserve equally to stand in the dock for the part they have played in robbing the public.

Rapid rise

Godfrey's real name is Sidney Skylinsky. He was born in 1900, the son of an honest East End merchant.

His criminal career can be said to have begun from his fifteenth year, when he was convicted of pilfering chocolates in Brighton.

After this first slip he rose steadily, though his name constantly popped up in criminal enquiries, it

was some time before he again fell into the hands of the police.

Just after the war ended, Godfrey directed a diabolically clever scheme. Pretending to engage in the furniture business, he arranged for delivery of goods from the Continent, but the authorities discovered that the crates which arrived regularly at his premises did not contain furniture at all, but contraband liquor, cigars and other dutiable articles.

His lucky star

Luck stayed with Godfrey again, for although ordered to pay a fine of £21,000, he contented himself by making an initial payment of £3,000 and spending a few days in Brixton Jail.

His amazing luck and immunity from arrest still prevailed, and he was able to visit Switzerland, whence he returned more affluent than ever.

He had not long been back, however, before the Public Prosecutor received a frantic communication from the Swiss Government, complaining of Godfrey's activities there.

He had obtained goods on credit from Swiss traders to the value of thousands of pounds, and had paid no one.

Godfrey was arrested, but again his lucky star saved him. Owing to some official delay in the arrival of extradition papers from Switzerland, the magistrate had to let him go.

It is not surprising that these repeated gestures of fortune encouraged Godfrey to greater recklessness.

He next blossomed forth, under the guidance of a notorious company rogue, as a share-pusher, and in King's Arms Yard, Moorgate, London,

What I know about Medicines

and How I Relieve Suffering and Promote Health

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Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health," Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.

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John Bull, August 8, 1931.

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Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for ailing girls and nursing or expectant women. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2,487. It is a critical tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

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Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return post from Shadforth's.

Martial Hero's Amazing Bluff

Dalgetty is a clever rogue, who nearly always adopts a military pose, and whose favourite trick to create a good impression is to ring up people on the telephone in the presence of others and to conduct a carefully-worded conversation in a loud voice.

In this way he suggests to listeners that he is someone of importance. He makes free use of the names of well-known officers, and introduces as much bluff and bluster into his conversation as possible.

Though he more frequently wears mufti, he invariably displays the D.S.O. and M.C. ribbons on his breast, and carries himself with soldierly bearing.

He was at Bournemouth recently and chose to reduce himself to the rank of major for the occasion, changing his name also to "Baillie Cochranne."

Tales of India

By some means or other he contrived to find out the names and addresses of several people with relatives serving overseas, whom he visited in turn.

Representing himself as a brother officer, he recounted to each a sad story to the effect that he had been invalidated out of India and was still waiting for his pension to be confirmed.

In this way he aroused a good deal of sympathy, and succeeded in obtaining several substantial loans to tide him over till his pension came through.

While defrauding people in this way he was also actively running up accounts with local tradesmen, and when he finally left Bournemouth a large number of dupes were enquiring for him.

We can link this clever swindler with the aliases of "Colonel A. J. Harrington," "Colonel A. G. Hamen," "Colonel Guy Cockerham Veale," "Colonel Neale" and "Colonel Veale Cheetham, of the Hussars."

Kleptomania?

In his various military poses he often claims membership of the Cavalry Club, the Junior Carlton, Wyndhams, or even the Green Room Club.

His intimate military knowledge was gained as a regular officer in the Royal Artillery, from which he was discharged in 1921 with a pension of £145 a year.

Since then he has enjoyed a self-conducted tour of the country, and there are few counties that he has not visited.

His victims are to be found scattered throughout Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, Somerset and Yorkshire.

To enumerate even half his frauds would be impossible in our space, but we may mention that at one time it was suggested that his perpetual roguery was prompted by kleptomania, following his war service.

But though he was sent to a private home for treatment, he soon resumed his criminal activities, which have been most varied.

He has numbered many women among his victims.

Once he called upon a man and tendered a forged recommendation to gain confidence. Then he recounted his alleged Indian experiences and

confided that he was in temporary financial difficulties.

These were enhanced, he explained, because he had taken upon himself the burden of providing for the widow and three children of a brother officer.

His Good Samaritan pose was accepted and monetary help was at once forthcoming.

But even then Dalgetty was not satisfied. With dramatic effect he pleaded that he was faint and overcome, and begged to be allowed to rest awhile before proceeding on his way.

As soon as he was left alone he ransacked his host's house and escaped with a cheque-book and various valuables.

This, by the way, is an old trick of his, but we hope that he will play it once too often.

He is here unmasked for the first time in his persistent career, so perhaps it will not be long now before he is safely lodged in a place where his poses will not meet with appreciation.

A CRADLE of DEATH

WHAT is wrong with the Birmingham hospitals? Is the supervision inadequate and slipshod? Less than two months ago we commented in a special article upon the circumstances in which a cancer patient died following an explosion in the operating theatre of the General Hospital.

In doing so we revealed a number of disquieting facts, which we commended to the Minister of Health for the fullest investigation.

Now comes news of a shocking fatality at the Selly Oak Hospital, where a child of fourteen months, the daughter of a bricklayer's labourer, died after receiving radiant-heat treatment.

The facts of this tragedy are most disturbing. Treatment was being administered by means of a radiant-heat cradle, placed under the bed-clothes against the child's naked body.

This cradle was provided with three lights, which generated a heat slightly above bodily temperature, and for two days the treatment was continued successfully.

Then the cradle was replaced by one of a different type, which, though smaller, was actually of greater strength, having six lights instead of three.

Shortly after this change had taken place the little patient collapsed, and medical evidence showed that she died from shock occasioned by the strong action of the new cradle.

It seems that the original cradle was urgently required for use in the operating theatre at a time when a junior probationer had been left in sole charge of the ward.

A night porter was sent to fetch one to replace it, and he brought the smaller, but stronger one, which caused the tragedy.

It was one intended for treatment of limbs, and was described by a nurse as "bothersome and dangerous."

It is not surprising, in the circumstances, that a coroner's jury has since expressed the view that there is "general slackness" at Selly Oak Hospital and has recommended a full enquiry.

A verdict of "Death from misadventure" was returned, and, taken in conjunction with our previous article, this lamentable case seems to suggest that it may be a misadventure to enter a Birmingham hospital.

Cunning Colonel's 'PHONE FRAUDS

A BRONZED stranger of military bearing recently motored into Glastonbury and registered at one of the principal hotels as Colonel

Ronald Dalgetty. He said that he was on leave from India, and as his family intended joining him in a few days, he booked a suite of rooms in advance.

The breezy colonel from India was soon a centre of attraction and made many friends among the other hotel guests. He ordered the best of everything, and generally created a good impression.

A few days after his arrival he asked if he might be permitted to use the manager's telephone, and rang up Taunton barracks.

He was heard making a number of enquiries regarding various officers, whom he named, and his tone of voice implied that he was a figure of some importance.

Following this conversation, Colonel Dalgetty approached the hotel manager and announced that he was anxious to arrange a reunion dinner for a number of his fellow-officers. He asked for a table to be laid for

seven, and gave detailed instructions for everything to be carried out on a magnificent scale.

Most of his guests, he pointed out, would be officers of distinction—in fact, he mentioned their names and chatted quite convincingly about them.

All his instructions were faithfully carried out; but the reunion dinner was never held. Not one guest put in an appearance, while the host himself vanished and could not be found anywhere.

Enquiry at Taunton barracks revealed the fact that Colonel Dalgetty was quite unknown there.

Someone giving that name had certainly telephoned to the orderly-room on the previous day to ask for an officer who was likewise unknown.

He had been most persistent and puzzling in his conversation, which had been unduly prolonged entirely through his own verbosity.

While this interesting information was being gathered, various people were coming forward to complain that cheques which they had cashed for the colonel had been dishonoured.

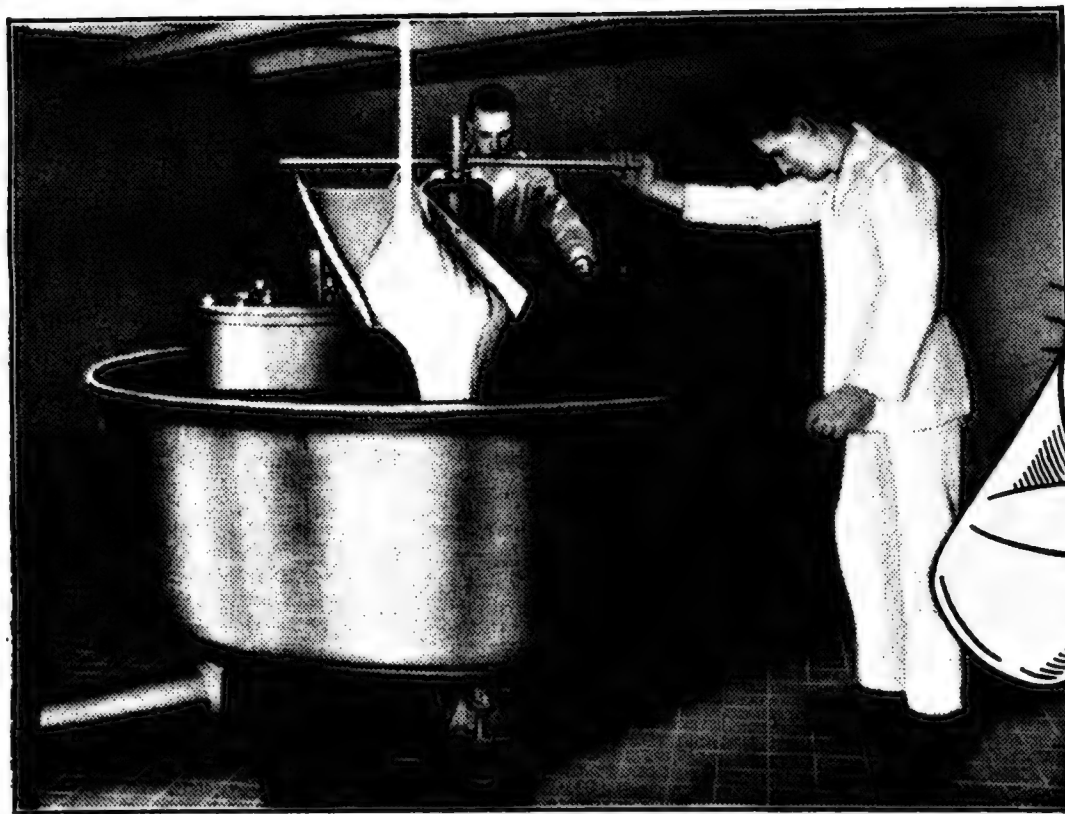
We can here reveal that Ronald

His favourite trick to create a good impression to ring up on the telephone"

CADBURYS

explain

how they put $1\frac{1}{2}$ glasses of milk into every $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb block

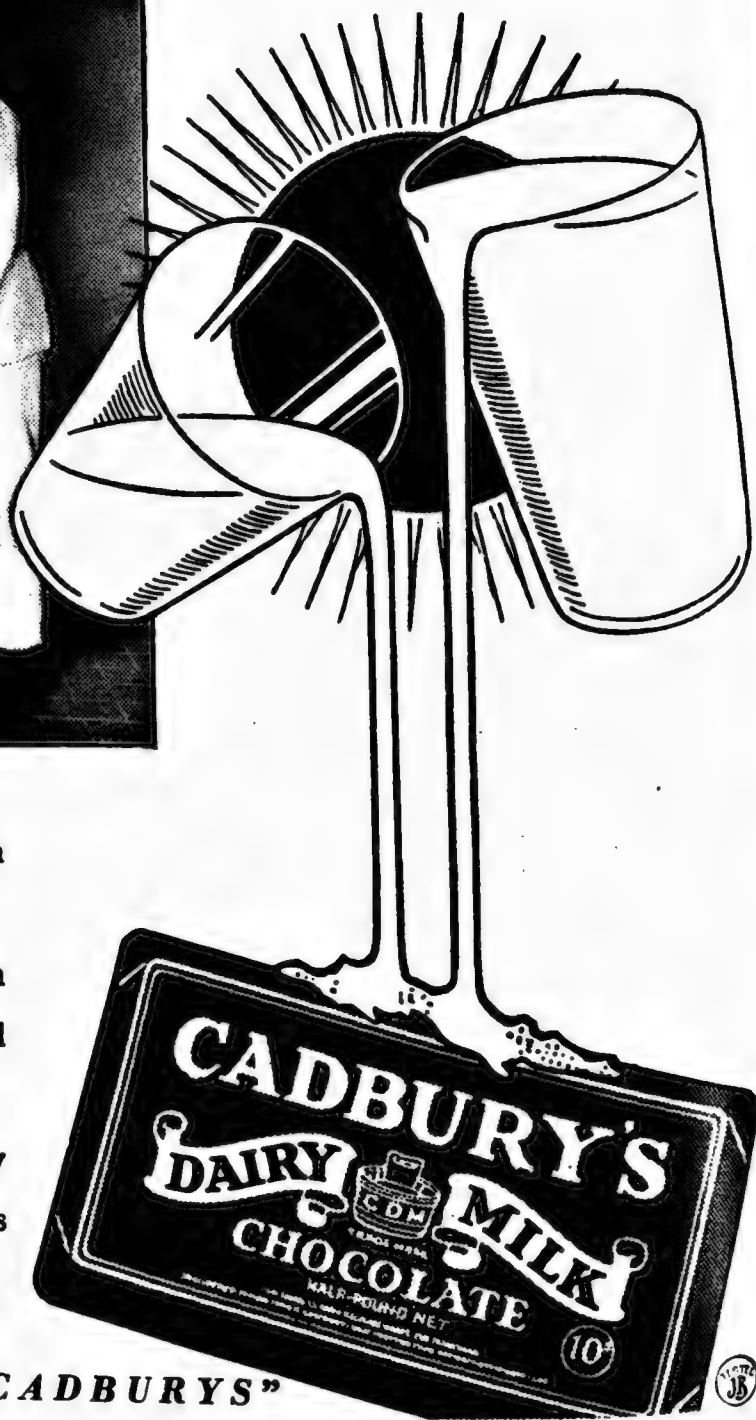


In the Cadbury country dairies the surplus moisture of the fresh full-cream milk is driven away by a special process.

Only the rich goodness remains—fresh concentrated milk, with eight times the food value of ordinary milk. This milk is mixed with the chocolate within a few hours of leaving the farm.

That explains how there is a glass and a half of fresh milk in every $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. And that's why this famous chocolate is so delicious, so good—

—and that's why you'll say "I... WANT... CADBURYS"



Tied to Granny's-

I OFTEN wish that people who find themselves dressed in a little brief authority would let us alone for a bit instead of pretending to earn their salaries—

which we have to find out of our pockets and taxes—by inventing all sorts of new ways of telling us we mustn't.

I am, in fact, getting very tired of a state of affairs that is tending more and more to assume that the adult population of this country is in its second childhood and needs more and more grandmotherly legislation to restrain it from mental and spiritual self-destruction.

For such a preposterous assumption simply isn't true.

Of all the nations of the world that know—and I know a good many—the British are the most sane, the most well-balanced, and the best able to take care of themselves.

No one ever needed apron-strings less than the average man and woman who lives on these islands.

When foreigners read of what recently happened in Hyde Park, London, for instance, how they must howl with laughter! For, on one week-end, the open-air restaurants in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens put up posters advertising the sale of "stout, dark brown ale and light bitter."

up a fence, keep a chicken or listen to the wireless, put on your working overalls or your bathing suit—

"Lay a brick, sell a cherry, sit in your office window to look at the Lord Mayor's Show, or, in fact, do anything until some non-producing official has made his living from eleven to three by giving you permission."

And if you think that sounds a tall order, it is as well to remember that these "non-producing officials" amount to something like one in nine of the adult population.

Even as I write we are sitting waiting for the reports of a round score of committees and commissions, every one of them set up at the expense of the taxpayer to see how a little more interference with the liberty of the subject can be indulged in.

Modern legislation is, in fact, rapidly degenerating to a state that gives point to the bitter gibe in which Mr. A. P. Herbert once indulged when he said:

"Let's stop somebody from doing something!

Everybody does too much.

People seem to think they've a right to eat and drink,

Talk, and walk, and respire, and think,

Bicycle and bathe and such.

So let's have lots of little regulations, Let's make laws and jobs for our relations,

There's too much kissing at the railway stations—

Let's find out what everyone is doing,

And then stop everyone from doing it."

The upshot of it all is that we are



A "near beer" party in Kensington Gardens

Thou shalt not—

Seeing that these liquids, despite their names, contained less than 2 per cent. of alcohol, the morals of the British nation seemed fairly secure.

But the authorities thought otherwise: and there descended on the restaurants the Park police, the Park bailiff and a representative of the Office of Works.

You can believe it or not, but those posters had to be taken down. To such a pass has this once proud land of liberty come!

Sir Ernest Benn recently said, and he was not unduly exaggerating, that this was once the land of liberty.

But now you cannot—

"Sell a seed potato, give a cricket team a ride, cut down a tree or put

-Apron-Strings

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

suffering from a plague of censorships, some official and some semi-official, and some entirely self-constituted and impudent.

The results, not unnaturally, are amusing to the onlooker, however irritating and exasperating they may be to those of us who suffer from them.

For while the Lord Chamberlain can protect our sensitive moral sense by refusing a play like "Maya" a public licence, he was powerless to prevent the morals of those people who could afford to subscribe to the Gate Theatre being corrupted.

fewer with every session of Parliament.

If pettifoggery restriction is the essence of democratic government, it is time we began to reconsider our position.

Herbert Spencer once said that "the ultimate effect of shielding man from his own follies is to make a world full of fools"—and I think we are getting dangerously near that position.

What the ordinary man wants is to be let alone.

Before the war, when officialdom had not got such a passion for bowing down before the zeal of "reformists," we got along reasonably well, behaved reasonably well, and did no one any particular harm.

I am aware of no great change in either public manners or morals to warrant the petty oppressions that the last ten years have produced.

You can weigh the sort of questions I have put forward in any balance you like—and you will always find the scales weighing heavily in favour of freedom and liberty.

There is never any valid excuse for tyranny, for it is always the imposition on a majority of the narrow views of a minority.

Sex paintings

In fact, the more authority tries to tie us up in red tape and childish restrictions, the more absurd it makes itself.

It has always puzzled me to understand why sex in painting—providing, of course, that the painting is either old enough or dear enough—is Art, while sex in literature is either pornography or sheer indecency, and "calculated to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to immoral influence" and "to destroy the morals of society."

Nor can I understand why sex on the screen is lauded as pure entertainment, provided it is sufficiently suggestive.

To see a play like "Green Pastures" banned while "Her First Affaire," with all its wealth of suggestive posters, is given a halo, strikes me as ludicrous—particularly when there abounds in scores of shops in every town and city in the country avowed and unashamed pornographic literature at the disposal of anyone with a couple of shillings to spend.

But all these are only side-issues compared with the way we are continually and increasingly being regimented and restricted in almost every sphere of life.

We can only eat in public restaurants when officialdom gives us permission; drink, not when we are thirsty, but when the law says we may; buy, not when we wish to buy, but when the Home Office says it is legal; and the things we can do without asking anyone's permission are getting

Then the explosion

And I think those who are always seeking to interfere more and more with the very details of our daily life would do well to ponder the repeated lessons of history.

Time and again repression has led to an explosion, and the explosion has always been preceded by a subterranean increase of the very thing that it was sought to repress.

Finally, our legislators might remind themselves that only when laws have behind them the conscious sanction and consent of the people can they be made really effective.

The only way to enforce laws that people resent is to employ an army of officials—spies is perhaps the truer word—to see that they are obeyed. And in scores of instances we are perilously near that point, too.

We are having a moratorium from war-debts—let us have a legislative moratorium, too. We should be a healthier nation at the end of it.

The Human Machine

THE "Light" BRIGADE

NO one can have lived through the last two years without realising that depression is a definite and contagious disease—as contagious as scarlet fever, spreading as rapidly as the plague, and as deadly as any physical ill.

Half the people you meet to-day who are depressed simply don't know why—they just are. They have nothing really to justify their grumbles; they are no worse off than they have ever been, they have no more worries than they ever had—but they are thoroughly out of tune with life. They are mentally diseased, as genuinely ill as if they had been struck down with a physical illness.

They can neither see straight nor think straight—and they go around spreading the germs of dolefulness further than ever.

We have each of us a definite responsibility to stop this sort of thing. It is just as easy to spread germs of cheerfulness as to scatter the microbes of depression. Just a little effort of the will can make everyone not only his own mental doctor, but the mental doctor of everyone else with whom he comes into contact.

When you meet someone who is depressed you have two courses open to you—you can either weep with them or try to turn their tears to laughter. Surely it is better to be genuinely hopeful and cheerful than to be a wet blanket?

It's more than time someone began to put a more cheerful face on things, and you and I might as well be the ones to make a start. Someone has got to do it, and where's the use of waiting for the other fellow?

Why not do it ourselves?

Shall we all make a start right now?

How to choose a cigarette



*Nowadays smokers choose their cigarettes according to the conditions
under which they are to be smoked.*

For lingering enjoyment, when time is of little account, **20 for 1/6**
De Reszke *Americans* are favoured —————

For occasions-in-ordinary the choice falls on the standard **20 for 1/-**
De Reszke *Virginias* —————

And for a "short-time" smoke there are the new D.R. *Minors* **20 for 8d.**
at 10 for 4d.— a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the
same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brother —————

DE RESZKE

— of course!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

LIFE'S
TRAGIC
RUNAWAYS

Treatment, not Punishment; Medicine, not the Law

HUMAN nature being what it is, none of us likes to face unpleasant and disturbing facts. But we can't get wrongs righted, or ills cured, or injustices removed in any other way.

The increase of suicide is a very disturbing and distressing fact to-day. In 1921 there were 5,095 cases of suicide or attempted suicide in England and Wales. This total has mounted steadily year by year until in 1929—the last year for which figures are available—it had become 8,003.

Now, the men and women who take this terrible short-cut out of troubles and difficulties and anxiety are not necessarily cowards, but they are certainly deserters from life's battle—tragic runaways very often more to be pitied than blamed.

Poverty, the heavy depression and unemployment, nervous strain caused by the ever-increasing rush of modern life, the weakening of old-time religious beliefs, and, of course, personal loss, bereavement and suffering, are among the reasons which drive men to suicide. We shall never remove the causes of such tragedies until we have revised our entire social system.

But there is one phase of this problem which should be examined in a new light.

Dead, mad—alive, sane

SIR HUBERT BOND, M.D., Senior Commissioner of the Board of Control, speaking the other day to the Public Health Section of the British Medical Association at Eastbourne, said that he gravely doubted whether there were any sane suicides.

Sir Hubert protested against the practice, when cases of suicide or attempted suicide are under consideration in police and coroners' courts, of putting questions about the possible insanity of other members of the family.

He thinks that such questions "spread ill-founded and possibly false doctrines as to the influence of heredity in the causation of suicide and are apt to foment a dread of liability to insanity or suicide." And finally he described verdicts of *felo de se* (self-murder) as "all nonsense."

Now, if Sir Hubert Bond is right, and if we ought to regard every suicide or attempt at suicide as being committed by someone who is temporarily insane, then we ought clearly to revise our legal attitude towards this tragic problem.

At present it cannot be denied that, in practice, the successful suicide is deemed in-

sane, while the pitiable creature who falls in his attempt is held responsible for his act and sent to prison.

In 1919 there were 4,909 suicide inquests, and, only sixty-five verdicts of *felo de se* were returned. In all the other cases the act was held to have been committed whilst of unsound mind.

Law's brutality

THE common verdict of coroners' juries is easily understandable, and can scarcely be criticised. The juries want to protect the victim's relatives against the stigma of suicide and the possible loss of insurance moneys, which might be withheld on a *felo de se* verdict. And for these reasons they find "temporary insanity" almost regardless of evidence.

Unfortunately, it is not in the power of our magistrates to exercise this kindly tolerance. They have to obey the law. And the law says that it is an offence punishable with imprisonment for any sane person to make an attempt upon his own life.

What is the effect of this law? In the first place, the police are in duty bound to make an arrest. If, for instance, some poor, miserable girl throws herself into the river and is rescued, she must infallibly be haled before the magistrates.

Moreover, would-be suicides are usually remanded in custody to some prison observation ward. This is necessary because their sanity must be established, or otherwise they cannot plead, and have, in fact, committed no offence.

As the law stands we have no criticism

to make either of the police or the magistrates. On the contrary, we believe they do their utmost to deal with these difficult and tragic cases in the most humane way.

Moreover, a great advance has already been made in regard to this problem. Until 1914 all found guilty of attempted suicide had to be committed for trial; since then they have been dealt with summarily, and thus have been saved from the ordeal of prolonged remands in custody.

Reprieve!

SO far, so good. Unfortunately, this wise change in practice does not help the magistrates when it comes to dealing with actual cases. Assuming the accused is sane, they can only do one of two things—send him to prison, or bind him over for a period in the care of friends.

Can it be imagined for a single instant that prison is the right place for these tragically unhappy people? On the other hand, if the magistrates fear that they may attempt suicide again, how else can they be safeguarded against their own weakness?

Sir Hubert Bond is not alone in his opinion that suicide and sanity are contradictory terms, and, beyond all doubt or argument, the vast majority of people who attempt to take their own lives are fit cases for hospitals rather than jails, for kindly nurses rather than stern prison-warders.

We urge that the time has come for the whole problem of suicide and attempted suicide to be re-examined. And it may well be that, if the counsels of humanity and true wisdom prevail, we shall cease to regard these tragic runaways in the battle of life as deserters deserving of punishment.

Instead, we may devise means to deal with them as shell-shock patients, to be nursed back to hope and sanity and renewed courage.

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Human Tonics

IN one of George Bernard Shaw's plays the chief interest turns on the contrast in character between two men. One is a clergyman, happily married, strong and healthy, cheerful and self-confident.

The other is a wisp of a man, delicate, nervous, sensitive, not at all the sort of person who would be likely to impress people at first sight.

The parson at first regards him as a weakling requiring advice and guidance. But the scene changes when he finds the supposed weakling in love with his wife. There is a tense scene, in which the husband demands that the woman shall choose which of them she will stand by and turn the other out.

When she says, "I choose the weaker," the husband gives a cry of despair and becomes quite tragic till she tells him that he is the weaker.

She had perceived the underlying strength in the other man, strength held in reserve, strength that could bear trouble and disappointment better than that of his patron and rival.

One is constantly coming across living illustrations of the correctness of this picture. Big, aggressive personalities will often crumple up under a

strain that a gentler type bears without wincing.

These facts are recalled to my mind by reading a long letter from a reader of my article on "The Breaking Point," which appeared recently.

The story told in the letter is one of unexpected transition from fair health and prosperity to long-continued sickness and bad luck.

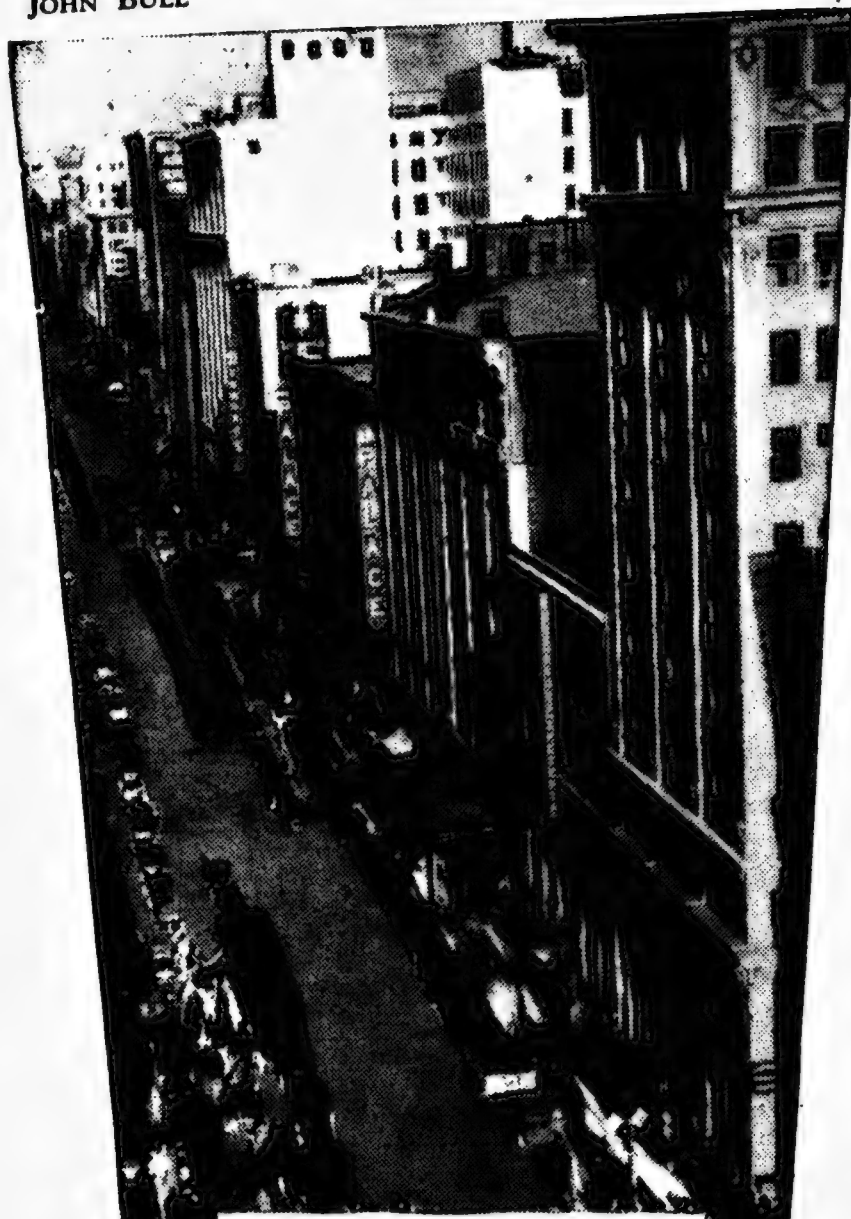
For the sake of keeping heart in those about him he refuses to give in to depression.

He says he finds it quite possible to endure his trials serenely as long as he trusts in that indwelling divine power which is the source of all real manhood.

Without doubt every such man is a helper of his kind. He sheds an atmosphere around him which makes it easier for others to believe in the essential goodness of life and do their best with it.

Some of the most useful of the world's workers are its sufferers and its poor. The spirit in which they carry on is a moral stimulus by which their neighbours profit.

None of us could aim at a finer ideal than so to live that those who know us may be the braver in meeting life's ills and the nobler in adding to its joys.



"Hollywood has been swallowed by the great city of Los Angeles"



Arthur Weigall, the famous descriptive writer, who has just returned from a visit to Los Angeles, tells you in these pages the truth about Hollywood.

"John Bull" asked Mr. Weigall to give the cold facts. Don't blame him, therefore, should he destroy the romantic and deliciously wicked illusions you have been led to accept about the film city and the film stars.

Hollywood, says Mr. Weigall, is just a business suburb of a great business city. It was a little intoxicated by beauty and success; now, under the cold douche of business adversity, it has sobered up and the headquarters of the world's film industry has settled down to the hard commercial business of making talkies to show a profit.

PEOPLE in this country seem to have the impression that Hollywood is a place situated all by itself upon the Pacific coast, entirely peopled by motion-picture stars and their satellites.

They think of it—I used to myself—as a definite film-colony, leading an exotic life of its own, and having no other concern than the making of pictures in public and of scenes in private.

It is not a bit like that.

Hollywood was once, it is true, a distinct suburb of Los Angeles, to which these fascinating film-people migrated.

But it has long since been swallowed up by the great city, and the main streets now pass through it and on to other districts, all forming part of the teeming, busy metropolis of Southern California,

which is one of the four or five largest cities in the States.

Hollywood, in fact, is to Los Angeles more or less what South Kensington is to London.

The film-studios are walled enclosures, like art-schools, lost in the maze of busy, sun-bathed streets which cover the undulating ground at the foot of the hills.

And the luxurious homes of these temperamental stars, about whom we hear so much, are scattered over this and other residential districts.

Geographically, there is no definite film-colony, and unless you happen to have some social or other connection with the film industry you are not likely to come in contact with the celebrities of the screen.

They keep to themselves for the most part, although their homes are often far distant from one



Only a film cocktail—Norma Shearer in private life declined the author's offer of a cocktail—"It would go to my head"

another; and you seldom see any of them at the ordinary parties given by wealthy business men.

The city of Los Angeles, strangely enough, seems to be more interested in the celebrities of its timber-yards, its oil-wells and its shipping.

After all, living within the radius of what, without undue stretching, may be called Greater Los Angeles, there are some three million souls; and the film business, important as it is, is only one of their many industries.

The recent phase of commercial depression which has been so frighteningly experienced by all America, and which has led to the panicky curtailing of private expenditure all round, has, of course, been felt by the motion picture industry in common with all these other businesses.

Hit—like everyone

Everybody is in the same boat, and, in spite of the alarmist rumours one reads of in the papers, the great picture corporations have not been worse hit, really, than anybody else, although the catastrophe came upon them at a peculiarly unfortunate time.

When the slump began they were in the midst of mopping their foreheads and getting their breath after the tremendous internal revolution in their business caused by introducing the talkies.

This had obliged them to dash about spending vast sums in installing the new sound-plants, and had led them to lose a great deal of money in hasty and ill-considered experiments in the unaccustomed medium.

Everybody thought at first, for instance, that musical comedy would lend itself to the requirements of the screen, and enormously expensive productions of this sort were undertaken.

Nearly all of them failed—simply because sound-reproduction is not yet perfect, and that stimulated realism which is the outstanding merit of the "pictures" was lost sight of in the elaborate use of stazy, spectacular effects and borrowed theatrical technique.

Everything was in confusion within the film industry itself when the crash outside rocked its financial foundations.

The voice of one trusted star after another was being found to be unsuitable to the rather imperfect sound-reproduction of the period.

Many of the world-famous actors and actresses, being foreigners, were finding their broken English a fatal obstacle—as in the case of Emil Jannings, who used to say sullenly that he

would never, never learn our language.

Other stars, once beloved for their appearance or charm, were for the first time discovered to have perfectly appalling accents.

Many more, while possessing cultured voices suitable to the stage, were unexpectedly being converted into instruments of tympanic torture by the microphone.

Wasteful salaries

When the sound-pictures first arrived, there had been a rush to engage the services of the world's famous composers of light music.

Long contracts at huge salaries were made with them; and it was just when the producers were finding out their mistake that the wave of trade depression engulfed the country and kept people away from the picture palaces, where, in any case, this wrong sort of entertainment was being offered.

Two years ago Hollywood was crawling with composers of popular tunes. You met them at every party, grimly struggling, under a very thin veneer of politeness, to monopolise the piano-stool.

Now little evidence is left of this jealousy-darkened sojourn, except the cheques which still have to be paid to them under the extravagant terms of their contracts.

Then, again, playwrights with "big names" had been engaged by the score, but few of them had been able to adapt their talents to the new technique, and the money was often wasted.

Moreover, even when the production was of the best, the English dialogue made the pic-



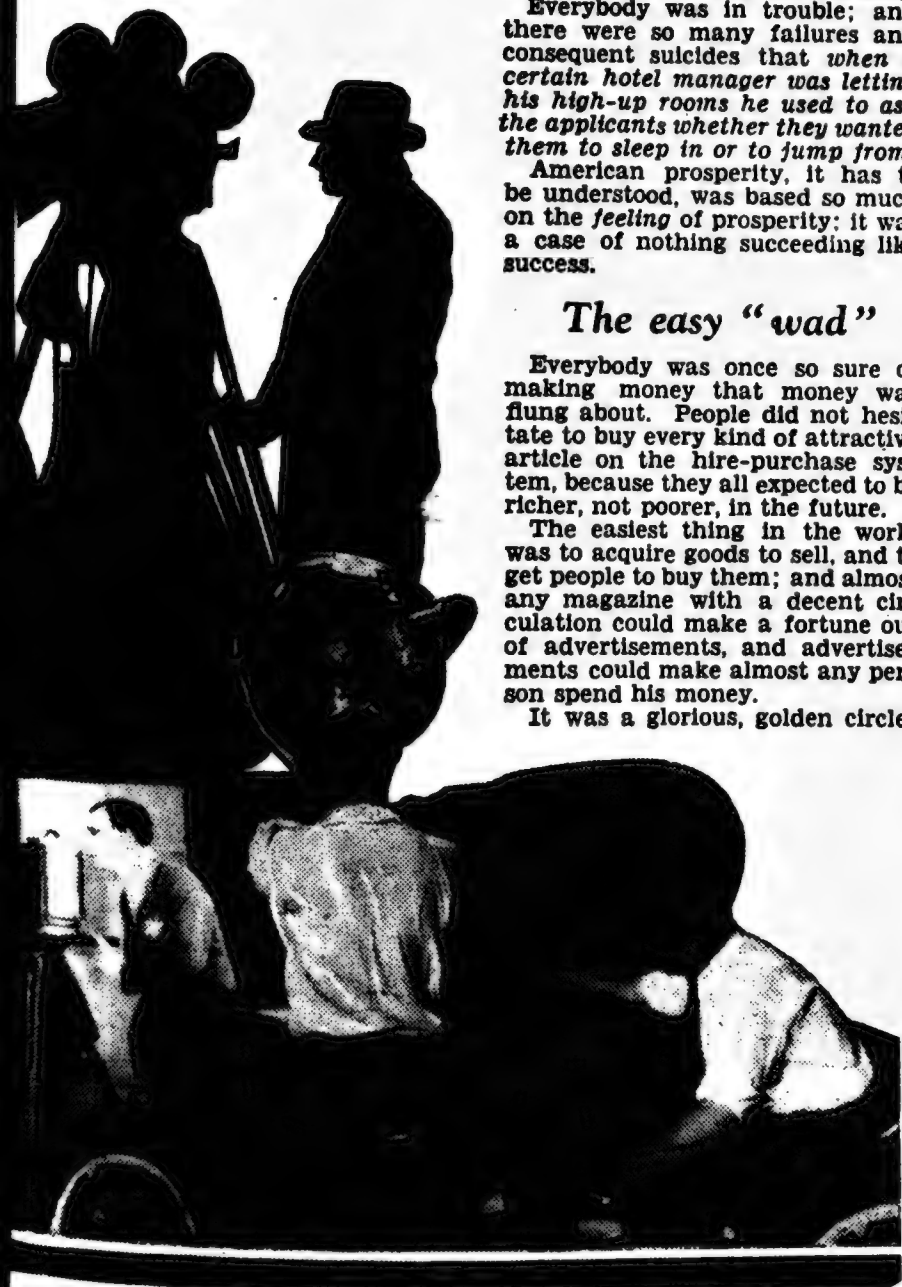
HOLLYWOOD

THE TRUTH

anity Enters the
Gilded Madhouse

ARTHUR WEIGALL
amous journalist and author)

With the eclipse of the director's mega-
phone and the coming of the talkies,
Hollywood got down to new methods
—and brass tacks



tures unsuitable for the French, German and other foreign markets. The consequent curtailment of the area of distribution caused a big shrinkage in the customary profits.

The time came when every train going east was carrying back from Hollywood the dismissed or suspended personnel—the pretty girls and handsome men who were of no further use now that attention was directed to the larynx rather than to the face and figure; the directors who were all at sea in the new medium; the composers whose music was not wanted; the playwrights whose material was unsuitable, and so forth.

Suicide hotels

Those who remained to carry on were distracted by doubts and fears.

Then, when into this chaos came the news from the picture-palaces that the audiences throughout the country were steadily diminishing in size because people were nervously ceasing to spend their money or had no money to spend, something like a panic occurred.

Yet, even so, the state of affairs was no worse than in other industries; and the majority of the people of Los Angeles were as much concerned about the diminution of their timber trade, their oil business, and so on, as they were about the state of this film industry.

Everybody was in trouble; and there were so many failures and consequent suicides that when a certain hotel manager was letting his high-up rooms he used to ask the applicants whether they wanted them to sleep in or to jump from!

American prosperity, it has to be understood, was based so much on the feeling of prosperity; it was a case of nothing succeeding like success.

The easy "wad"

Everybody was once so sure of making money that money was flung about. People did not hesitate to buy every kind of attractive article on the hire-purchase system, because they all expected to be richer, not poorer, in the future.

The easiest thing in the world was to acquire goods to sell, and to get people to buy them; and almost any magazine with a decent circulation could make a fortune out of advertisements, and advertisements could make almost any person spend his money.

It was a glorious, golden circle;

and there was not a household which was not surfeited with things it could perfectly well do without.

The film business for years had been infected through and through with this sense of prosperity. Money was spent like water.

When the talkies arrived, celebrities of the stage and vaudeville were engaged at fabulous salaries, then kept waiting for months on full pay—"eating their heads off," as Mr. Lasky once said to me—while the producers looked for suitable openings for them.

The motion-picture rights of books and plays were bought at absurdly high figures, and then light-heartedly pigeon-holed for future use.

Then, one on the heels of the other, came the two above-mentioned eye-openers.

Firstly, the film companies discovered that the new sound-pictures did not attract unless they possessed certain qualities the nature of which the producers themselves could not for the life of them put their finger on.

Secondly, they found that people were no longer spending their money freely at the cinemas, even when the pictures were good.

Financial backing fell away; advertisements ceased to have their old pulling-power; and expenses were out of all proportion to profits.

The shutting down of certain studios and the wholesale dismissals of the personnel resulted.

Money's worth

But this general shake-up had its salutary effect.

In engaging talent the producers began to demand more for their money; they were not so ready to hold artists indefinitely at their disposal; material was not so indiscriminately bought, and expenses were more carefully scrutinised.

Thus, paradoxically enough, it may be said that the film industry is on a sounder basis now than it was before the crash. The whole business is not so like a gilded madhouse, and the producers are beginning to behave less like millionaires gone crazy.

The effect, too, upon the actors and actresses has been very noticeable, and for the first time in ten years or so there is a general desire among them to earn their bread-and-butter, rather than to toy with their caviare.

There is even some anxiety to avoid scandals in their private lives—as the general uneasiness about the recent case of Clara Bow and her secretary clearly revealed.

Nowadays throughout America anybody who has a job of any kind is trying his level best not to lose it, and Fatty Arbuckle is still in Hollywood as an awful warning—a much-beloved figure, now regarded as having been more sinned against than sinning, but, nevertheless, debarred from acting.

Not that people working in the "Pictures" are more apt than others to do outrageous things.

I have enjoyed the hospitality of many film celebrities, and their lives are certainly to be compared favourably with those of the fast set of New York, who drink like fishes and behave like lunatics.

I have never seen Charlie Chaplin, for example, drink anything stronger than ginger ale; and I remember being quite disillusioned when Norma Shearer refused a cocktail I handed her, saying, "I'm afraid it would go to my head."

Film stars who are in work are kept far too busy all day to "make whoopee" at night with much enthusiasm.

There are plenty of gay parties,



"Avoiding scandals, as in the case of Clara Bow"

of course, and some of the guests take more than is good for them—as some of the guests always do at American parties since Prohibition ordered them to keep sober.

I can assert, however, that I have never seen anything approaching an orgy in Hollywood, and, in fact, Jack Buchanan told me he had failed to find one after a three months' search!

Any scandal about these interesting people is more likely to refer to those romantic episodes in their lives which are only to be expected in such a romantic setting.

A new leaf

For the residential districts where the film stars live are so intoxicatingly beautiful, the climate is so perfect, the nights are so enchanted, the moon is so tremendous, the gardens are so fairylike, the flowers so luxuriant, the air so heavy with scent, that persons of temperament can hardly be blamed for losing their heads in surroundings which display both the charms of Nature and the artistry of the most skilled landscape gardeners, architects, and house decorators.

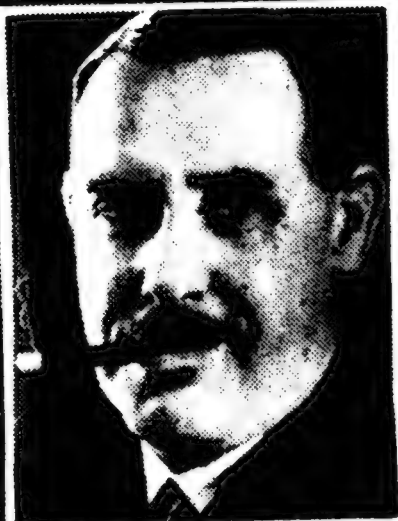
Misbehaviour in New York is much more inexcusable.

This general wish to behave and to work is one of the good results of the crisis. The whole industry, in fact, may really be said to have turned over a new leaf.

This being so, I can see no cause for doubt about the rosy future of the talkies.

The talent is to hand in plenty, and the directing brains will be found to be available also now that the men in the business realise that the hard-up and newly discriminating public will no longer spend its money on rubbish.

REAL LIFE STORIES



It's many years since I started smoking Manikins, and I've still to find anything to equal the soothing charms of their delightful flavour and fragrance.

There's something good about Manikins that I can't just put into words. Something indefinable, yet very definitely "there"—you'll "get it" immediately you light up—cares and troubles seem to fade to insignificance as you smoke.

10d. buys 5—a modest outlay for so much pleasure.

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

5 FOR 10^d

All Tobacconists
Sell Manikins

FREE

Fill in the Coupon in the advertisement on page 23 for a copy of a Book describing Dr. Hair's Wonderful Discovery.



"J. B.'s jaw tightened bleakly. The man was talking, now. . . . He said evenly: 'I'll pay a hundred and fifty!'"

OLD John Brock drew a long breath of satisfaction, and turned his back on the *Royal Banner*, where the stevedores and derricks were at work, loading the fleet of "J. B. Runabouts" with which the old millionaire motor-manufacturer was starting the next day for Capetown.

He had four thousand workers to keep busy—and he'd keep 'em busy, too, if he had to batter his way into the Dominions market with a cudgel. Trade might be bad just now—but John Brock was nobody's quitter.

With his long, gaunt stride, he moved across to a figure which sat solitary on a bollard, watching the preparations aboard the ship.

"Doing anything?" J. B. asked. The watcher glanced up quickly. He was, J. B. saw, no more than a boy—maybe nineteen or twenty—with a brown, thin face, very blue eyes, and a pleasant, rather nervous smile.

He was hatless, his dark hair wind-blown. His blue, serge suit was threadbare.

"No, sir." He did not rise. "Know the docks?" J. B. asked. "Yes, sir—fairly well." "Care to show me round?" The boy's face brightened at once. "I'd like to, sir."

HE reached down with his right hand for something which lay on the ground, between the bollard and the dock-edge. Next moment, he swung to his feet, the pad of a crutch snugged into his right arm-pit. With a sense of shock, J. B. realised that the boy was a cripple.

"Where would you like to start, sir?" the boy asked. "The *Mauretania* got in to-day." There was enthusiasm in his voice. "She's worth seeing, sir—got bows on her like a knife."

His keenness fitted in with J. B.'s mood. The grim old millionaire had a weakness for the sea and for dock towns; he'd often wished he had become a sailor. He smiled, his grey eyes twinkling in his brown, lined face. "I leave it to you, son. You know the docks better than I do."

That was truer than he thought. It didn't take J. B. long to learn that with ships and the docks the boy was in his element. His talk revealed that

—his connoisseur's appreciation of the sleek, British lines of the *Mauretania*. "None of your cruiser stern about her, sir—built for speed, she is!"

J. B. was interested.

"Live here, son?"

The boy nodded, hobbling alongside J. B. over the railway lines which sprawl like tentacles across that world of looming funnels, tangled rigging, gulls and sirens which is Southampton Docks.

He was a whole head shorter than the gaunt old millionaire; but he handled his crutch with a dexterity that seemed to J. B. more pitiful than helplessness. The boy must have been a cripple for a very long time.

"I've lived here all my life," he told J. B. "Used to play about on the docks, as a kid. My father was a foreman shipwright down here, till he went into the Dover Patrol, and—packed up at Zeebrugge." His jaw tightened a little.

"That was a toughish year for mother. I went and fell off one of the berths, and got a bit crushed by a coal barge. They never quite got my hip right after that."

He glanced suddenly, with a fleeting, apologetic smile, at J. B. "Sorry, sir—talking about myself. The *Homer*'s in dry dock. I expect they're just starting to float her out. Would you like to see it?"

"Carry on," J. B. nodded, and asked: "Mother still alive, son?"

The boy shook his head. "No, sir. I'm on my own now. Mother died a year ago."

And her pension with her? J. B. wondered. He said casually: "So you guide the folk about the docks for a living, eh?"

Again the boy shook his head. "Not often, sir. I just knock around. They don't mind me; the chaps call me 'Three Legs'—because of my crutch, you know." He flushed slightly, smiling.

"Really, I make models for a living—ship models." It's about the only

thing I can do that's connected with the sea."

Sudden eagerness came into his voice: "Would you like to see my models, sir? I live quite near."

"I'd like it, son," J. B. said, gravely.

He saw that the boy wanted it—and, curiously, he wanted it himself. It was a long time since the old millionaire motor-manufacturer had met anyone who interested him so much as this boy called "Three Legs."

THERE were those who said that old John Brock was a hard man. That was because they didn't understand him. He was just, and he had that true sympathy which comes only from insight, but he was not sentimental.

When anything got under his guard, he looked his grimmest and said little.

"Three Legs'" attic in a sailors' boarding-house, tucked away up a narrow, back street behind the Inner Dock, had just that effect on him.

It was a tiny room, furnished with a camp-bed, a lino-topped wash-stand and a table.

At one end of the table there was a partly-completed model, mounted on a sort of miniature scaffolding, of an Elizabethan man-o'-war; tools were ranked about it, and a vice was screwed to the table; at the other end, a supper of bread and cheese was laid out on newspaper.

Other models stood on the floor, but it was to the near-completed man-o'-war on the table that the boy went at once.

"It's the *Revenge*—Sir Richard Grenville's ship." His blue eyes were bright with enthusiasm. "I worked out the plans from a description in an old book of sea history. I've been busy on it for nearly two years."

It was exquisite work, J. B. saw—every feature of the ship, from her high poop to her beak-head, from her fo'c'sle to the old-fashioned capstan in

"Three

BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

the waist, was reproduced faithfully, exact detail. The boy pointed out the technicalities eagerly. But after a little he muttered, apology in his voice: "I hope I'm not boring you, sir. Only—only she means rather a lot to me, the *Revenge*. There's a man in London—one of the big surgeons, sir; my mother was in touch with him, a year before she died. He thinks he might be able to—patch me up. But his operation fees are pretty steep—a hundred and fifty guineas."

HE smiled deprecatingly, glancing down at the model. "I'm sort of hoping the *Revenge* will—help out." J. B.'s grizzled brows were knotted in forbidding scowl. But his grey, crowded eyes were very kindly. "Sure! Sure! When'll it be finished?" "In about three months, with any luck, sir." "Maybe I can come and see it then, J. B.?" "That'd be great," the boy said simply. So they left it at that. But it was many how those few simple words of the boy's stuck in J. B.'s mind: "It means rather a lot to me, sir!"

It was funny how they stuck. Sure! But they did stick—right through J. B.'s whirlwind tour of South Africa's motor-agents. He landed back in Southampton with a bulging order-book and an extra layer of tan on his lean, grim old face.

LEGS"

He went to see the boy—and he was glad he did. Their meeting was not enough: "Well, son?" "Why—hello, sir!" He snatched up his crutch, rising from a work-table, hobbling across to greet J. B. in the doorway. He was grinning all over his face as they shook hands.

There was nothing much in it, on the surface—but somehow that greeting meant a lot to the old, lonely collector. It was like coming home. The little, comfortless room was just the same, so was the boy. But the *Revenge* was finished. There she stood, over on the widow's ledge—a little, gallant craft, with all her set and pennants flying, her high top picked out in gold-leaf, her masts and spars intricate with rigging, her broadside menacing the ocean through her gun-ports.

J. B. looked at her for a long time, then he drew a deep, deep breath.

"Great work, son—great work!" The boy was smiling, flushed a little with excitement. "There's someone after her, sir—ready! A Mr. Morgan Graeme, of Swallow Street, London. He wrote day before yesterday—and somehow or other, that I'd done a model of the *Revenge*, and wants to see a look at it, with a view to making an offer. He's coming to-morrow at six o'clock."

J. B. frowned. "He's a collector, I suppose? Well, eh out, son! They're pretty sharp, these collectors!" He considered for a moment. "Look here—I'm not leaving till the

4.10 to-morrow. Like me to come round when he's here?"

"I'd be glad if you would, sir," the boy said eagerly.

J. B. nodded, well-pleased. The boy was no business man. When Mr. Morgan Graeme called J. B. intended to be right there on the spot.

He was—and it was just as well.

Mr. Morgan Graeme, of Swallow Street, was a tall, perfectly-groomed, bloodless-looking man, with a tight mouth and small, hard, dark eyes. He looked over the *Revenge* with a supercilious air, and offered twenty pounds.

The boy glanced at J. B. sitting, gaunt and stolid and tweed-clad, on the camp-bed. J. B. scowled his disapproval. The boy said hesitantly:

"I'm afraid I couldn't take that, Mr. Graeme."

The collector's dark eyes flickered contemptuously round the shabby little room. He re-examined the *Revenge*, and shrugged, tapping his black-ribboned eyeglass impatiently on a manicured thumb-nail. His voice was cold.

"I'll go to twenty-five."

Again, the boy glanced at J. B. The old millionaire shook his grizzled head. He shook it again at thirty, and at fifty he was still shaking it.

The boy was beginning to look a little uncertain; save for a slight hardening of his small, dark eyes, the gentleman from Swallow Street seemed unperturbed.

"Fifty-five—and that's my last word."

J. B. smiled grimly. He was thinking of the two years and three months

but his voice rasped: "A hundred and seventy-five."

"Two hundred," said J. B.

Their eyes met like lances. The collector was breathing a little quickly through his nose.

"Guineas! Two hundred guineas!"

There was a moment of silence. The boy had hobbled across to the mantelshelf—was standing there, propped on his crutch, with his back to the other two.

Abruptly, J. B. rose from the camp-bed, plunging his hands into his pockets. He smiled pleasantly. "That lets me out."

For a second the collector showed his claws. He'd come expecting a bargain—and he'd missed his guess. He said cuttingly: "Your presence was unfortunate, Mr. Smith."

Then he adjusted his eyeglass, took a cheque-book and a fountain-pen from his pocket, scrawled a cheque, tossed it on to the table.

"Two hundred and ten pounds. My men will call later to pack the model." He took up his hat. "Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Good afternoon," said J. B. courteously.

"THREE Legs" said nothing—nor did he turn as the door slammed behind the collector. He seemed to be looking with a fixed and intent regard at something on the mantelpiece—at the photograph there, perhaps, of that youthful, smiling man who had gone under at Zeebrugge, and that gentle, brave-eyed little woman who for so long had seen her son a cripple.

The boy's right shoulder was hunched high by the pressure of the crutch; his hand gripped the cross-piece very tightly, so that the knuckles showed white through the tanned skin. He was trembling slightly.

J. B. cleared his throat and lighted a cigar. He did not speak. He was a man of insight. He understood. The boy had been a cripple for a very long time—

It was nearly an hour later when old John Brock emerged from that dingy boarding-house into the road. At the corner a man was waiting for him—Mr. Morgan Graeme, of Swallow Street.

"Well?" he asked.

J. B. smiled.

"Happy as a king, Graeme! That surgeon'll fix him up all right—and afterwards I shall give the kid a job on my yacht!"

"I obeyed the instructions in your cable," Graeme said; "but I don't know what it's all about, even now!"

J. B. laughed gruffly.

"Simple enough. I knew the kid would never take the money, if I offered it in the ordinary way. Too proud—too independent. He'd have guessed I was trying to help him."

"BUT he stuck in my mind, somehow—so finally I sent you that cable from the ship on my way back from Cape-town and instructed you to play the unpleasant collector, and then I put my oar in to bid up the price!"

He laughed. "For a solicitor, you're a good actor, Morgan!"

"And you're a mighty good sort, J. B.!" his friend said quietly. "Suppose the kid ever finds out, though!"

But J. B. only shook his head, smiling, for he knew that the secret was safe in the keeping of himself, of Mr. Morgan Graeme, and of that small, gallant ship, the *Revenge*, which henceforth would sail endlessly, with a full spread of canvas and pennants flying, across the polished top of the bookcase in his study.

NEXT WEEK: Fate deals the cards in "The Great Scheme of Things"—Cyril Masters' Real Life Story.

Beauty experts warn

against this common error in choosing soap

WOMEN prize youth. Men are attracted to youth. "That schoolgirl complexion" is responsible for more conquests than men will admit.

Palmolive Soap is made for one purpose—and one only—to keep lovely complexions young.

Ordinary soaps may harm Don't be misled. Just ordinary soaps—whatever their claims—will not do for you what Palmolive does.

When the cosmetic oils of olive and palm were blended in a complexion soap millions, on expert advice, turned to this new, simple, natural beauty method. Millions of lovely complexions testify to its value.

To-day over 20,000 leading beauty experts—recognised specialists—urge the use of Palmolive. Why will these important beauty specialists with large clienteles stake their reputations on this strong recommendation? It is important for you to know.

No animal fats

Palmolive—uniquely—is a non-animal fat soap. This is very important. It means that Palmolive contains no animal fats of any kind, but is a true vegetable oil soap. Again—uniquely—Palmolive contains the supreme cosmetic oils of all oils—olive and palm oils. It contains no other fats whatsoever.

There is nothing in Palmolive to roughen or dry the skin. Only the "deep cleansing," lotion-like lather so peculiar to a soap containing olive oil. No wonder beauty specialists urge it.

If you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion choose Palmolive Soap—and no other!



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

WORLD Leaders

at PLAY



We have all heard of counterfeit coins—in fact some folk regard all money with suspicion—but it is not generally recognised that many tobaccos have a counterfeit taste and smell.

Cheap tobaccos are often faked with scent and artificial flavouring to disguise the "bite" and "tang" of their harsh, crude leaf. The taste and smell of tobaccos "doped" in this way cannot be compared with the wholesome flavour and mellow aroma of Rubicon Mixture.

Rubicon is pure, natural, tobacco, guaranteed free from all scent and flavouring. Its fine quality leaf needs no "doctoring" or flavouring. In taste, aroma and satisfaction Rubicon closely resembles the tobaccos for which smokers are in the habit of paying pence per ounce more. Rubicon Mixture costs but 8½d.



Made by John Sinclair Limited
Newcastle-on-Tyne.



Mussolini's hands must be on the steering-wheel in play as at work

WHAT will the "Big Shots" of the world do when they relax and throw aside the affairs of State?

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, our Socialist Prime Minister, has very definite notions about his playtime. In his scant leisure he goes North to his native Lossiemouth.

There he has golf—his chief relaxation. Give him a good round and all he will ask is quiet.

He is a great reader. His family circle suffices for him. But his reading always leads to pen and ink.

Mr. MacDonald likes writing too much to regard it as work. Lately he has taken to flying, and goes by air whenever it is possible.

Very different is the dark, stocky Pierre Laval, the French Premier. He, like Mr. MacDonald, is a man of the people, and son of an Auvergne butcher and carrier.

When he was a little boy in a loose, blue blouse, the future Prime Minister of France used to sit behind the paternal hack and assist in the parcels-delivery business.

He likes to boast that it was then that he mastered the classics. He has no sports.

M. BRIAND, of the shaggy head, loose clothes and eternal cigarette—he carries them loose in his pocket—likes to escape from his little flat in the Avenue Kleber to fish in solitude from his country cottage in Eure.

He always dresses as a villager when on holiday, and if he is mistaken for a yokel his delight knows no bounds.

M. Briand is a bachelor. Once, asked why he had never married, he replied: "It takes me so long to arrange my colleagues' matrimonial woes that I've never had time to marry myself."

Once M. Briand tried fishing in Scotland. But he had no luck.

M. Briand is an omnivorous reader, but he is completely ignorant of the dead languages. It is a sore point with him.

Dr. Bruning takes his pleasures seriously. Indeed, his enemies declare that he has none. But his friends will tell you that all his leisure is given up to working for the Roman

who played an important rôle in the recent conference is a hard nut to crack.

Stimson does not encourage intimacy even with his intimates; he is aloof, austere, forbidding.

But in his off moments he has been known to get excited on the golf-links, and he likes the water, preferring sail to the more modern mode of water-power.

Mr. Andrew Mellon, another of the conference "Big Shots," is one of the world's four richest men, a banker and son of a banker.

Since he controlled about seventy companies with an aggregate of £500,000,000, he had not much time to play even before he resigned from those boards to play politician. Like Stimson, he is "close."

Until recently—he is over seventy—he played a mild game of golf as gentle relaxation, and used to ride regularly before breakfast every day.

Art, however, is his real hobby, and he is a connoisseur and a generous patron of poor artists.

But ask an American what his hobby is, and he will say: "Mellon? Why, piling up more dollars."

Some years ago, indeed, Mrs. Mellon made this pre-occupation a ground for divorce.

Among our own political "Big Shots" the most versatile playboy is Mr. Churchill. His range takes in polo—which he plays well—riding, writing, painting—he is a considerable artist—and so on down to bricklaying.

M. R. BALDWIN finds his relaxation chiefly in playing square in his beautiful Worcestershire home, and he does this exceedingly well. He possesses a fine library and spends much time in it. He is one of the best-read men in Parliament.

When he goes abroad he prefers the gentle routine of such places as Aix.

There he is content to take things very easy—a stroll and an aperitif (with pipe, of course) carry him nicely to lunch and an afternoon siesta.

He dislikes anything involving physical exertion.

Since no man looms larger to-day, into this gallery of the "Big Shots" of the political world another may be pushed—Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England.

Mr. Norman looks like an artist and has many artistic characteristics, as his beautiful home on Campden Hill attests. His leisure is spent quietly. He likes travel—preferably incognito.

He is a scholar and dilettante in all things artistic. Indeed, he sometimes tries to play artist himself. He has

"... a good round and all he will ask is quiet"

Catholic Church, of which he is a pious member.

The German statesman is an English scholar, and spends much of his scant leisure with such English authors as Pater.

He eschews Society, lives frugally, drinks sparingly the Westphalian wine his father manufactures, and limits himself to one mild cigar a day.

He says that he became a great reader because of the insomnia that is his curse.

Signor Grandi, the handsomest man in public life, is away to the mountains directly public duty permits.

He is tremendously muscular—like our own pocket Hercules, Mr. Amery—and knows the Alps by heart, having scaled all the important peaks.

Mussolini, with whom Grandi has been in close association since the early days of Fascism, has little time for play. A drive at the wheel of his car at seventy miles an hour is his idea of a rest.

When it is not a racing-car, it is a restive horse, or a gambol with a lion cub.

But most of Mussolini's time is spent at his desk in the Chigi Palace. For that reason he has brought one relaxation at least to his office—he is very useful with the foils and keeps himself fit when in harness by daily bouts.

The American, Mr. Henry Stimson,



Scots fish were too canny for him

executed, for instance, the beautiful mouldings of one of his rooms.

But just now, one imagines, and for some months yet, the Vandyke-bearded mystery banker will have little time for his prints, books and manuscripts.

He will be too busy chopping a way out of the world's financial jungle.

So, too, it may be doubted whether many of the "Big Shots" included here will have much time to play this summer.

These lovely
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Free!

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We make this offer because we know that if you use 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' you will be satisfied and recommend it to your friends, and it is for this reason that we are willing to make you this useful gift.

If you are ever troubled with corns, callouses, or sore, tired, tender feet, and have not tried 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' a pleasant surprise awaits you. The moment you put your painful weary feet in a 'Saltrates' foot bath you feel the oxygenated water carrying relief right into the pores and down to the roots of even the most troublesome corns.

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Are you a sufferer—have you ever suffered—from Asthma or Bronchitis to such an extent that you are losing hope? A visit to Harley Street would provide you with no sounder advice than that contained in Dr. Hair's Treatise on Asthma and Bronchitis. But it does not rest there, it goes further, with the result of giving lifelong freedom to former sufferers who had given up all hope. You will find that this work—which is an inspired message of hope to those afflicted with Asthma and Bronchitis—is free. Dr. Hair's Treatise is written by one who was himself a specialist, having devoted his lifetime to the successful treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

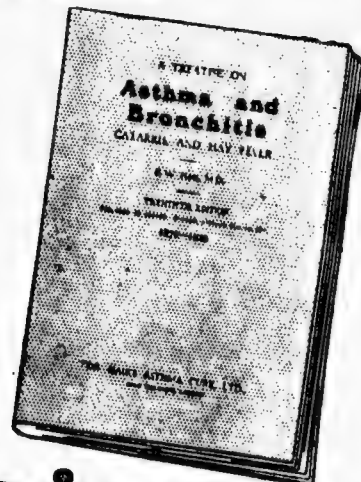


THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN,
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Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure

New Hope, Life & Happiness

Dr. Hair, having suffered from Asthma at its worst, which he calls the furnace of suffering, for eleven years, finally discovered a successful treatment for himself, and was never again troubled with the complaint. For the benefit of those who ceaselessly complain of this terrible affliction Dr. Hair evolved a simple liquid preparation (taken in small doses), selling at a price within reach of those of modest means, which has worked wonders for thousands. Many of them, including a Royal Physician and a number of people whose names are household words, have written tributes, some of which are reprinted in Dr. Hair's Book. The original letters may be inspected at the London Offices at any time by appointment.

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Obtainable at all leading Chemists and Stores or direct post free, price 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from address on Coupon.

"THE CURE"

Last June my wife caught a severe cold which the doctor diagnosed as Acute Bronchitis with a tendency to Asthma. She got worse and fell away. Every night she woke up at intervals of two hours fighting and gasping for breath. She couldn't go out for a walk without stopping for breath and couldn't sleep. About a fortnight ago she took two doses of your wonderful cure and slept through the night without an attack and has not suffered since. She can now walk across the Downs without any trouble, and is picking up wonderfully. I am sorry that I did not know of THE CURE before, as it would have saved a lot of suffering, let alone waste of money.
(Sgd.) THEO. G. STAINES.

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To DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, Ltd.
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Please send me, free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh.

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Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope for 3d.

WRITE CLEARLY

J.B., 8/8.31



"Nothing quite so good" . . .
Says Dodo Watts

Dodo Watts, starring in the well-known picture "Almost a Honeymoon" and in the new play "The Man-eater" writes:—

"I have tried many face creams at different times, but I must say that I have found nothing quite so good as Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It is such an excellent idea to have the powder and cream in one—it is a real help to the complexion, and the way it is done up, with a little mirror in the pot, is most intriguing. Also use Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream on the arms, neck and just below the throat, and so prevent those disgusting sun-burnt patches."

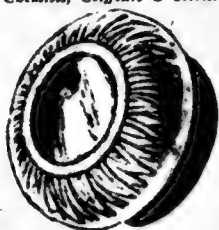
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DIGESTIVE disorder is nearly always due to excess acid in the stomach, and it is only by neutralising this acidity that indigestion can be avoided. The best way of doing this is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which not only instantly neutralises excess acid and thus gives quick relief, but also soothes and heals the acid-inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is recommended and used by Doctors all over the world; it is an absolute safeguard against indigestion and dyspepsia.

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Mr. Dan Rider: "Thousands of landlords are 'living on the dole'"

**LANDLORDS
LIVING
ON THE
DOLE**

THOUSANDS of anxious tenants throughout the country will join with us in congratulating Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health, upon his statement in the House last week that the Government will in due course ask Parliament to renew the existing Rent Restrictions Acts for at least another year.

This announcement means that no effect will be given to the recommendations contained in the recent report of the Inter-Departmental Committee which has been considering possible revisions of the existing Acts.

One of the chief recommendations was to decontrol completely all houses in London with a rateable value of £45 a year or over, and in the provinces of £35 or over.

Under this provision, the class which is now hardest hit—those who have no houses of their own and exist in rooms let off from large dwelling-houses—would be hit harder still.

The double shuffle

A few examples from our files of what has already happened in cases where the landlord has been enabled to decontrol his house will show what might have been expected if the new provisions had been allowed to pass into law.

In Ealing, the rent of 14s. for three rooms under control has become 30s. under decontrol.

Chiswick provides an example of a house let at a standard rent of £78 a year, which since it has become decontrolled is let out in floors at a total rent of £292 10s.

Near by, in Shepherd's Bush, a house with a standard rent of 24s. a week is, under decontrol, let out in three floors at a total of £3 17s. 6d.

In Fulham, a house rented at 16s. is let off in floors at £3 2s. 6d.

Such instances are not confined to London. Every large provincial town can provide similar cases.

Particularly is this so in the manufacturing districts of the Midlands and the North, where the supply for accommodation has not kept pace with the demand.

All these places are a happy hunting-ground for the speculative landlord.

What of the position of the unfortunate tenant who exists under such conditions?

A tenant of three small rooms in an Ealing house pays £1 3s. for them. In the last few months he has fallen out of work and draws unemployment pay of £1 6s. All of this except 3s. goes to the landlord.

A painter by trade, living in the same suburb, whose wages were once

£3 10s. a week, is now receiving a "dole" of 26s.

All of this, plus 1s. 6d., goes to the landlord for rooms in a decontrolled house, which in pre-war days was rented at 15s.

From all over the country information is coming to us of men who are receiving unemployment pay and who are having to pay the whole of it, or practically the whole of it, to the landlord for rooms in decontrolled houses.

The rents of those rooms now are, by the standard-rent or the controlled-rent tests, grossly exorbitant.

In most cases they are trebled or quadrupled.

In one case in North Kensington, the return to the landlord is actually eight times as much, a house with a rent of £50 being let off in rooms bringing in £416 a year. Under control it brought in £70!

The present situation was created in 1923, when Mr. Neville Chamberlain took the decision, first, that the house-shortage was over, and, second, that decontrol should be allowed to take place where the landlord could secure possession.

The waiting-lists of every council, with their thousands of families requiring houses, are a sufficient answer to the first decision.

A million affected

The experience of those unfortunates who have been compelled to exist under decontrolled conditions are the most damning answer to the second.

One of the greatest authorities on the question, Mr. Dan Rider, of the War Rents League, who has had unique opportunities of observing the results of decontrol when applied to the type of house in which the greatest number of wage-earners live, has said that almost invariably rents become treble the 1914 figures.

With regard to the position in working-class London under the present employment situation, he says:

"It is hardly an exaggeration to say that thousands of landlords are literally 'living on the dole'."

"A greater proportion of the unemployment pay goes in rent to the landlord than to the unemployed and their families in food and clothes."

It is estimated that almost a million people are living in the type of house which the Departmental Committee

has now recommended for complete decontrol.

Not only working-class people, but tens of thousands of clerical workers, shop workers, and others like the lesser-paid Civil Servants, live in these homes, eking out existence in rooms or portions divided off.

Let there be no doubt about it: if these recommendations had been allowed to go through in their present form, scores of thousands, already engaged in a bitter enough fight for existence, would have been involved in a fresh struggle to satisfy the exorbitant demands of these landlord speculators.

Joyful grabbers

Full of gaps as the Rent Restriction Act is, the "control" clauses do at least present a barrier of some kind to the shark landlord.

No amount of saving clauses to prevent exploitation by exorbitant rents would have any effectiveness as a weapon once the barrier of control were removed.

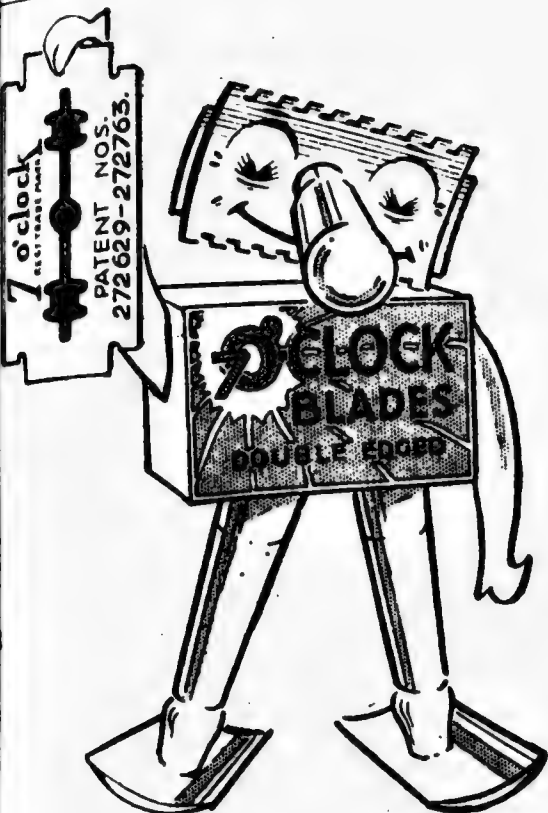
Plenty of instances were obtainable not so many years ago of the hopelessness of any efforts to prevent profiteering by restrictive legislation.

It is too much to hope that any of these attempts will succeed when applied to such a thing as housing accommodation, where because of its scarcity the landlord has too many weapons close to his hand to enforce his demands.

The Government has evidently realised that the "control" must be maintained until the problem can be disposed of in the only truly effective way—by the provision of a sufficient number of houses of a suitable size and price to satisfy the people's needs.

Any other shifts and devices merely evade this chief issue. The committee's report, as shown by the recommendations, would have done worse, for it would have handed over hundreds of thousands of wage-earners, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of the profiteering landlord.

For the time being a grave danger has been averted. We hope and believe that Parliament will continue to protect all tenants from such exploitation.



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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

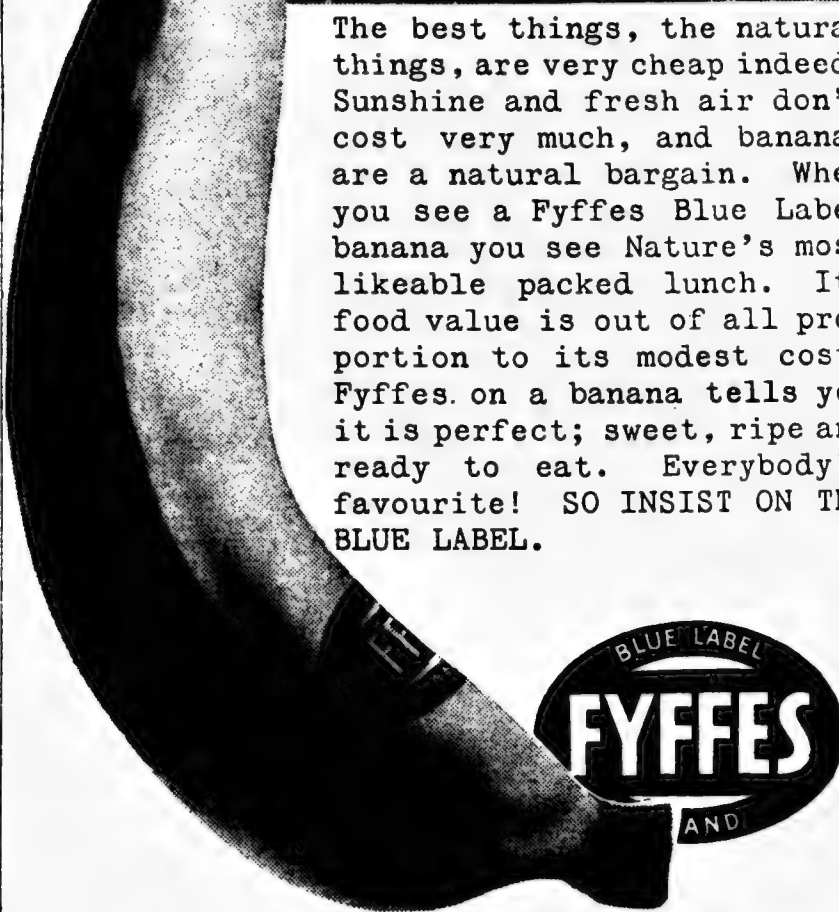
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Bananas



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—says there is real hard wear in every inch of them. So it's Lybro for me, now on!



Ask your outfitter for Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls. In blue or brown. Notice the strong dungaree, double-stitched and treble-tucked; the six large pockets and the Red Button stamped "Lybro Brand." Price **6/6**

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If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

They Laugh
at Football
Fans, these—



The Punter can't score, for the Bookie's goalposts are adjustable!

Bogus Soccer Bookies

IN a few days League football will begin, and already plans have been made by swindling bookmakers to reap even a bigger harvest than usual during the early weeks of the season.

Every year those who consistently bet on football results are fleeced of scores of thousands of pounds before they awake to the fact that some of the "firms" with which they have been betting never had any intention of giving them a fair deal.

During the next month or two shady but flamboyant publications will be flooded with bookmakers' advertisements inviting commissions. The public will receive from the same source the most tempting lists of odds.

Welshing ways

The names of the "bookies" will not be familiar, for the simple fact that they are new. But in many cases they are the rogues of last year masquerading under a new title.

People will be asked to open accounts or send cash with commissions according to the address given.

The tenure of these mushroom and bogus bookmakers depends on circumstances, or rather their luck—just as the intending welsher on the race-course starts with only a few pounds in his satchel, hoping for an outsider to turn up in the first race.

If this happens he stays, and it may be that another good result comes along and he becomes honest for the rest of the day.

So with the football welshers. It is seldom that they have hastily to close down, for when betting enthusiasm is at its highest—that is naturally during the early weeks of the season—the results are not what sanguine punters expect.

So long as punters don't win, the crooked bookmakers won't shut up shop and run.

Gone away!

When a big percentage of punters wins and the week-end shows a clear loss to the layers, there is a sickening silence. Punters write, but back come their letters with the post-office mark, "Gone away."

That good day for the punters comes sooner or later—one of those afternoons when all the good things come off; when not only the five, six, seven and eight home teams "to win" coupons are all correct, but even ten home sides oblige.

Then the punter spends a week-end of joyful anticipation, only for the post to arrive without his winnings.

The bird has flown, perhaps to start

all over again in another part of the country.

And it is an astounding fact that, as the law stands, these rogues can and do practise without the slightest fear of prosecution and punishment.

How is it possible for punters to be protected? Well, if they must bet, one certain way is to deal only with reputable, large firms, or with bookmakers resident in their own vicinity whose probity is beyond suspicion.

Welshing does not thrive among street bookmakers. Their greatest stock-in-trade is confidence.

The Sporting Life, for instance, carries daily the advertisements of well-established firms which can be trusted to pay as promptly as they expect to receive—and that is fair enough.

Such firms do not bet over the odds—and in that lies the truth of the whole matter.

The intelligent punter ought to know what, in his opinion, constitutes a fair bet; if he doesn't he is a fool to bet at all.

Prey on greed

He never gets a 5 to 1 about a 4 to 1 chance from a bookmaker who intends to be honest. If the punter did, the bookmaker couldn't afford to be honest for long.

That is mere common-sense.

The firms which are staging the coming hurried collection of spoils, and then departing when it suits them, prey on greed.

They study psychology and know very well that among every hundred punters 5 per cent. cannot resist the

Why Didn't They Meet?

"Love laughs at locksmiths," we are told, but that did not help Hans Schaffer, of Berlin, when Fritz from Hamburg knocked him silly—knocked him sillier, in fact. You'll laugh at their holiday in Ostend, and why they did not meet at "8 o'clock in the Parc Leopold."

The story with that title is just one of the many amusing yarns and jokes in JOHN BULL'S Summer Holiday Annual. Double up with your sixpences and you will be doubled up with laughter for a long time to come.

temptation of getting over the odds, or, as they vainly like to style it, beating the book.

The prices offered tell the tale. Any enterprising and honest bookmaker offers his capacity. Betting lists are compiled on a mathematical basis, not on a personal opinion, allowing, of course, a percentage of profit for the bookmaker.

If he did not make this provision he could not run a big staff, pay rent, and advertise. His good and bad days balance each other.

Punter crooks

The bogus bookmaker does not attempt to compete with such firms. His lists are so much more attractive that some punters think he is a mug. They are precisely the men and women he is looking for—the people he will lead up the garden and leave when the big "win" arrives.

Sometimes the punter is the rogue. When football betting was in its early years, the bookmakers were bled left and right by punters whose "religion" told them it was better to bet when they knew the results, and many ingenious devices were invented to bring this about.

Some had assistance from the inside of post-offices—as the number of prosecutions in the past only too clearly shows.

A London firm was defrauded for a long time by dishonest punters who used to get their envelopes time-stamped before the time of the kick-off and inserted the coupons after the results were known.

The envelopes were brought to London by train and dropped in the firm's post-box before the Monday morning delivery which brought the majority of the commissions from all over the country.

That is but one sample of many with which the layers have had to contend. They have, however, gradually tightened up their defences against fraud.

But as nature demands that brains shall always be in opposition, it is certain that during the coming season some new inspirations will come to dishonest punters.

£1,000

And Holiday Cheques Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 124.

The only correct solution in the above contest was received from:—

Mrs. Annie Denman, Brotherton, Boston, Lincs.

In acknowledgement, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £1,000 will be despatched.

Any entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £1,000 must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 18th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Holiday Awards of £2 to every Runner-up in Cross-word No. 124. These prizes have been won by the following 15 competitors, from each of whom a solution containing one error only was received:—

Batchelor, Miss N., Roseberry, N. Holmwood, Dorking; Bayker, J., 8, Queen's Rd., Haggerston, E.8; Bougourd, Mrs. S. J., Le Gron, St. Saviour's, Guernsey; Davison, J., 115, Plessey Rd., Blyth, Northumberland; Field, Mrs. W., 20, Cross St., Watford, Herts; Garland, G., Perthshire, Llansey, Usk, Mon.; Gilliver, Mrs. 55, Leeming Lane, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts; Graham, Mrs., 27, Sefton St., Brierfield, Nr. Burnley; Harrison, Mrs. A., 4, Hill Tce, Billy Row, Nr. Crook, Co. Durham; Jones, Mrs. E., 8, Knowles Sq., Pendlebury, Manchester; Murgatroyd, F., 31, Dickens St., West Bowling, Bradford; Rimmington, F. W., Caldecot, Market Harboro'; Smith, W., 174, Rathbone Rd., Old Swan, Liverpool; Sturton, M., 23, Mew St., Wells, Somerset; Watts, W., 36, Shakespeare Ave., Southampton

Another splendid X-Word, with a £600 First Prize and £100 to be divided between the runners-up, appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!



Golden moments snatched from time—

And golden chances for the Kodak Competition. This year, the pictures you take for pleasure may prove golden indeed. One snap may win £3,300 in the Kodak £20,000 International Competition! There are 379 prizes for the British Isles alone! Only amateurs may enter—there are equal chances for all. There is no entrance fee—and the prizes will be awarded for picture

interest only. Technical skill will not count—a boy with a Brownie may easily win! Send in as many snaps as you like, snaps of any subjects. Go into any shop where they sell Kodak Film or cameras—and you will see your entry form on the counter. The Competition closes August 31st; there is still time to join in the fun. Enter now—for pleasure and for profit!

KODAK £20,000 WORLD COMPETITION

"I will not let you down"
JOHN BULL.
★ Spend wisely. Be fair to your pocket and patronise the firms who advertise in your favourite weekly—"John Bull." This week's "Shop Window" on page 3 is crammed with bargains. If anything you buy fails to satisfy you, write and say why, and "John Bull" will keep its promise not to let you down.



BIRD'S
is best—and
best with Fruit.

"'BIRD'S' is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

DEPRESSED?

Troubles do not get you down if you feel fit and well. They are mountains high when your LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER.

If your liver is lazy and sluggish, poisons collect in your blood and you become tired, worried and depressed. You feel beaten before you start. Take one or two Carter's Little Liver Pills, they act directly on the liver and never fail to bring quick relief from gloom and low spirits. Purely vegetable, sugar coated, tiny, easy to swallow, causing no pain or discomfort, they may be taken by the most delicate person or even by the youngest child.

Sold by all Chemists. 1/3 and 3/- bottles.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

For the Kodak £20,000 competition

Post your Films to Will R. Rose AND GET "MAGNA PRINTS" (Red)

(The prints that are magnified)
4 1/2" x 3" from 2 Brownie size 2d. each.
3 1/2" x 2 1/2" " Vest Pocket " 2d. each.
(Developing 6d. a spoon as usual)

They will be returned quickly with list J.B. free entry form and prize list. If no spoon ready send card for safety postal wrapper, list, etc. "MAGNA PRINTS" obtainable from Will R. Rose and Boots The Chemists branches mark biggest advance in Photography for many years and place small camera on a par with big ones.

WILL R. ROSE
Chester: 23, Bridge Street Row.
Oxford: 133-4, High Street.
Cheltenham: 95, Promenade.

Over 60,000 receiving stations—your nearest pillar box one of them.

Are You Losing Hair—or Bald?

Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also! They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the big legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true.

"This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald. My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head."

"I then used Kotalko, and the results have been amazing. My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth which was brought on by the use of Kotalko."

Test-Box Coupon

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (53 S.W.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name
Address



THE HERBAL METHOD FOR PSORIASIS

ECZEMA and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. Nature's own antidote, and a proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

The IDLER'S

AFTER my father's death I, the eldest daughter in a family of four brothers and sisters, helped mother to keep on her little business. It consists of bakery and confectionery—small, but regular.

In time my two older brothers and the sister married and went off to homes of their own—the boys to Canada, the girl to London.

Since then I have carried on with my brother, the "baby" of the family, as partner.

When mother died there was very little property, except a bit of furniture and fittings, to divide. My brothers and married sister, all com-

"The Greatest of These—" Fund



"Peace in our Time..."

THE ex-Service man whose photograph we publish, on his discharge from the Army, was trained as a cabinet-maker under the disabled ex-Servicemen's scheme. After holding a job for over five years, he was put off on account of slackness of trade. He then worked as a builder's labourer for a year, and for a firm of motor-body builders.

"Now," he told us, "for nine months I have been out of work—four months through illness, during which time I was in receipt of £1 per week sickness benefit and 12s. 6d. 'relief.'"

He was suffering from bronchitis, when one of his children was taken away with pneumonia and whooping-cough, and another with scarlet fever.

To make matters worse, his wife was expecting her fourth child—now eight weeks old.

To crown his misfortunes, his rent, owing to the expenses entailed through so much sickness in the family, fell into arrears, and his landlord put in the bailiff.

He has now signed off the panel, and receives 34s. a week unemployment benefit, out of which he has to pay £1 a week rent—7s. 6d. added to his usual rent of 12s. 6d. until his arrears, amounting to £4 11s. 6d., are cleared.

Another hardship for a man struggling to support himself, wife and four young children on so little is that he is expected to pay the cost of the bailiff at 6s. a day and 5s. levy.

"But," he says, "if I continue paying £1 a week rent they will leave me in peace until I clear off arrears. So, after paying £1, I have 14s. left on which to keep the six of us for one week."

In order to enjoy this "peace," he has had to sell practically all his belongings, which he has struggled to collect to make a home for his wife and kiddies.

Even the lino off the floor has had to go at a considerable sacrifice. With all his efforts, they starve over the week-ends.

This much-tried man fought for England's peace, and now his own peace is shattered for want of a little over a fiver.

So we appeal to our readers who value peace to restore peace and happiness to this ex-Service man by sending donations to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

HUMAN

ONE day you may be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

DOCUMENTS

fortable, said it would be ridiculous to squabble over division.

They wrote saying that, except for a keepsake or two, everything should be left intact, "so long as I and my younger brother were making a living in the old place."

My brother seemed contented with the arrangement, and our relatives went back to their own concerns feeling that they had done the best they could for us in the circumstances.

My troubles commenced before a month was over. My brother first of all dropped the bombshell that he had been married for some time, but had not disclosed the fact for fear of upsetting mother when she was old and ill.

HE brought his wife to see me and she seemed a nice girl, though untrained and ignorant. However, a baby was expected, and when I knew the kind of home she was living in, I made no objection to her coming to make her home with us.

The girl had a hard time, and it did not lighten my burden when twins were born. She has remained delicate, and looking after these babies is as much as she can manage, and sometimes more.

My health is likely to break under the strain, for since the birth of his children my brother spends very little time in the home or the bakehouse.

He dislikes children, and makes unpleasant remarks when they cry. They are now nine months old.

I am wondering whether it is my duty to keep up the struggle for this young mother and her children until I break down, or whether I can do anything to make my brother shoulder his responsibilities.

There is also the question of my responsibility to my eldest brother and the rest, for I feel they might have acted much more selfishly than they did when they left me in trust.

"HUMANIST" says: As you were left in possession by a kindly feeling, your family should be informed of your difficulties. An audit of your business should be taken to ascertain whether it will, or will not, maintain you and your brother and his family.

Have a proper agreement drawn up to ensure your brother pulling his weight and not taking more than his share of the profits.

If the business will only maintain yourself, ask your brothers in Canada if they cannot offer the younger one work out there.

In any case, do not allow him to make you a slave to the responsibilities he has, of his own choice, assumed.

THE SILENCE

ma-in-law made

IAM married to a man who has unbearable spells of complete silence. I first noticed it after a prolonged visit from my mother-in-law. She made it very clear that she considered I had ruined both his life and hers. She informed me that she never expected her son to marry.

She did it very cleverly, but in a most wicked, underhand way, she has undermined his allegiance to me and regained her old sway.

My husband spends all his holidays with her. If she could manage it, she would have all his money as well.

I ignored the silence and tried, by extra cheerfulness, to prevent their recurrence, but as time went on and my babies arrived, the spells became more frequent and lasted longer.

Once he never addressed one un-

SLAVE-Sister

necessary word to me for six months, and indeed never spoke to me at all except a brief monosyllable in answer to a question.

He now stops out late at night, and never offers any explanation as to where he has been or what he has been doing.

Outside the home he is hailed as a jolly good chap. He is a member of our church choir and very popular.

When he goes to dances and people ask why I have not accompanied him, he says, "I am tired of asking my wife to come out. She prefers to stop in with the children."

This is all so erratic and abnormal that I am beginning to wonder whether I need endure the misery longer. I am tempted to take the children with me and go back to my old employment.

"HUMANIST" says: It is certainly trying to live with a person subject to moods, but married folk take each other "for better for worse," and therefore must try and make the best of their partner's "little ways."

As your husband is in the church choir, why not confide in your vicar. He is your recognised spiritual adviser, and it would be no more than his duty to have a word with your husband in the endeavour to bring about a more cheerful state of things.

WHITE FEATHER

and the real coward

MARRIED nine years ago to a man ten years older than myself, I have not been unhappy. We have four children and another one is shortly expected.

Now, with five children and only twenty-six years old, I have been suddenly confronted with an awful problem.

It has always been a thorn in my side that my husband would never take me out. He said he was too much engrossed with business, and that a woman's place was at home.

We live in a town, and my husband's brother, who runs a small drapery store, has lately employed a very pretty girl for the ladies' room.

Two months ago I received an anonymous letter warning me that my husband was taking this girl about in his car. I immediately faced my husband with the accusation. He most strenuously denied everything.

Then I found out that my brother-in-law was receiving similar letters informing him of the "affair," but as he also denied there was anything in it I took their word for it.

The matter then dropped until two days ago, when, brushing my husband's coat to put it away, I found a letter in the same handwriting as that I had received.

There was nothing in it but a large white feather stitched to the paper, across which was scrawled in large print the one word "Coward."

Since this I have felt I was going mad, and would be glad of your advice.

"HUMANIST" says: The real coward is the person who wishes to upset the peace of a home and dare not come out into the open with his nasty suspicions. All anonymous letters should be ignored, or if scandalous handed to the police.

You have been happy for ten years. Surely you are not going to allow your home to be wrecked by an unknown scribbler who dare not even sign his name.

Unless you have something more tangible than this to go upon, trust your husband.

Beautiful PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENTS

from any snapshot or photograph you have

only

1/6

each

● FREE FRAME

BEAUTIFUL MODERN STYLE
FOR ONE MONTH ONLY

we will frame every enlargement done in
PASTEL WATER COLOURS

ABSOLUTELY FREE

DON'T miss this opportunity to get a lifelike Bromide Photograph Enlargement 14 x 10 ins. at the special Bargain price of 1/6.

Send us your snaps or photos, as many as you like, of Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, and that specially good one of Baby. If you have any snaps or photos of Pet Animals—send them along—they make excellent enlargements—and what about those holiday snaps—snaps of happy days by the sea—Hiking—Motoring—Landscapes of the beautiful scenes you saw and enjoyed—they're all worthy of an enlargement.

Fill in the Coupon at the bottom of this advertisement and post to-day with P.O. 1/6 for each snap or photo you send, and within ten days you will receive your lovely life-like enlargement(s) carefully packed, post free.

COUPON.

To THE UNITED PORTRAIT CO.,

(Dept. J.B.3.) 285, ECCLESALL RD., SHEFFIELD.

I am sending _____ photograph(s). Please make
Enlargement(s) at the bargain price of 1/6 each. P.O. value _____
herewith.

Name _____

Address _____

It is understood that you guarantee safe return of my original photographs. J.B. 8831

READ THESE

July 1st, 1931.
"I have received safely the enlargement of my mother, and I am delighted with it. You have done a splendid likeness of her, most remarkable from so small a snap. I am enclosing a similar snap of my father, and I wonder if you could do the same."
B.S., Corbridge-on-Tyne.

July 18th, 1931.
"Many thanks for the enlargement I have just received. I am greatly satisfied with it, and I wish you every success."
M.A.N., Ulverston, Lancs.

July 22nd, 1931.
"We have much pleasure in stating we have received our enlargements this morning, and are very pleased with them."
E.T., Newport Pagnell.

The above are only a few of the hundreds of unsolicited Testimonials we are receiving every day.



OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

**IF YOU MUST BET
IT
ALL
COMES
DOWN
TO
THIS!**

For RACING or FOOTBALL
Send all your Commissions to
"THE BIG TWO"

DAVID COPE
&
ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.),
227, BATH STREET,
GLASGOW, C.2.

INDIGESTION?
21 Day
**FREE
TRIAL
OFFER**

To every sufferer from
Indigestion, Flatulence,
Heartburn, Sluggish
Liver, or other stomach
troubles who purchases
a box of Lyons Curall
Tablets we offer a Free
Coupon which will
be exchanged by any
chemist for a second
box of Lyons Curall Tablets entirely Free of Charge.

All you have to do is to cut out the coupon and
send it to us together with 10d., when a box of
Lyons Curall Tablets and a FREE COUPON for
a second box, also a Treatise on Stomach Troubles
will be sent POST FREE.

COUPON.

To Lyons, Manufacturing Chemists,
577, Princess Road South,
Wolverhampton, Walsley.

I wish to take advantage of your free offer of a box of Lyons
Curall Tablets. Please send me a coupon exchangeable
at a chemist's for one box. I enclose 10d. for the first box.
If I am not satisfied you are to refund this sum.

NAME.....
(Block Capitals)

ADDRESS.....

Readers need never hesitate to respond
to advertisements in "John Bull," for
they are all of proved value and are
covered by the "John Bull" guarantee
which appears on page 25.

Of special importance in this issue is the
attention of readers drawn to the following:

Mr. Skidmore's offer on p. 12; a free Book offered
in the Dr. Hain's Asthma Cure advt. on p. 23;
free Stocking to purchasers of Reudel Bath Saltrates
on p. 23; Portrait Enlargements and a free offer on
p. 29; Etc. to advt. on p. 34.

HOLIDAYING at Morecambe, my
intended and I visited Lan-
caster Castle with other
visitors. In the dungeon,
where the darkness could
almost be felt, we halted while our guide
gave details of its history.
Softly an arm linked itself through
mine, sought my hand, and with inter-
locking fingers pressed it lovingly.
Oh joy! The darkness had em-
boldened my erstwhile shy lover (I
fondly thought), and I encouragingly
responded.
Emerging into daylight, my hand was
dropped like a hot brick by a complete
stranger, who rushed off to conciliate a
lonely, neglected sweetheart, whose
favours I had unwittingly stolen.—Mrs.
E. Booth, Yorks.

Rammed!

On the island of Iona in 1920, with a
party of fellow-students, I wandered
alone into the ruined nunnery.

There is but one narrow door, and,
when I essayed to leave, it was barred
by a fiercely butting ram.

He kept me a prisoner for three hours
until a party, coming in search of me,
forcibly removed him.

I learned afterwards that the ram
made a practice of imprisoning lone
visitors. Either he had a sardonic sense
of humour or had been carefully trained
by someone who had.—(Rev.) C. Keith
McWilliam, Lanarkshire.

No Joke

Soon after the Irish Free State took
over from the British authorities in
Dublin, I went on a visit to some friends
there.

I had just alighted at Westland Row
Station when two Free State soldiers
poked their bayonets dangerously near
my stomach, whilst another tapped my
pockets, apparently in search of lethal
weapons.

I went through a like experience on
several occasions when out walking in
the streets. As I had no desire to be
buried in Ireland, I curtailed my stay
and finished my holiday in England.—
R. A. Dicker, London.

Night in a Cave

My queerest holiday adventure took
place on the coast of Cornwall.

Two of us went out one afternoon for
a row in a little boat. For some time
everything was ideal. Then the sky
darkened, the wind rose and tremendous
waves threatened to engulf our little
craft.

After a terrible struggle we were swept
into the mouth of a cave, where we
spent the night. Thunder roared, and
sent its deep echoes far into the cavern.
Lightning flashed.

The sea crashed and boomed. And
from the recesses of the cave came the
unearthly hoot of an owl. An unforget-
table night.—J. H., Oakengates.

Race with "Silver Ring"**I Like THE RECORDER**

I AM in trouble once again, and all
through coding another nice Satur-
day winner—Seascope, 7 to 1.

Owing to JOHN BULL's huge cir-
culation, the paper is in the press
for several days, and, consequently, my
notes are written almost a week in
advance of the racing covered.

In mentioning the week-end sport at
Hurst Park, I selected Anna for the
Duchess of York Plate, but prior to send-
ing out the code selections I received a
red-hot tip for Seascope. Naturally, I
revised the selection.

The complaint received was an isolated
one, so evidently the bulk of my fol-
lowers study the coded selections in the
Sporting Life and the *Daily Herald*, in
addition to those given in the paper.

"F. M." from St. Ives, says that he
has given them a run for a month at
"tote" prices, and is more than satis-
fied. It is not surprising, inasmuch as
Atherton was returned at 23 to 1, Eve
at 13½ to 1, Luxor at 36 to 1 and Sea-
scope at 19½ to 1.

I have just spent an interesting hour
studying the entries for the Cesarewitch
and Cambridgeshire. There are none
unexpected, and, taking a shot in the
dark at the "double," I suggest Blue
Vision for the Cesarewitch and The Re-
corder for the big event at the Houghton
meeting. These are two horses I met.

My Queerest Holiday Adventure

Reunited

I was spending my holiday in Corn-
wall, where I had spent my honeymoon
four years before. But I was alone; we
had parted after a year of happiness,
and I had not seen my wife since.

Scrambling over some rocks, I sprained
my ankle, and hobbled to a near-by cot-
tage. While resting there the door
opened, and I saw a face I had dreamed
about for three years.

Our eyes met; two arms went round
my neck; then I heard a loved voice say,
"Jim."

This cottage my wife had visited each
anniversary of our wedding.—M. B., Bed-
ford.

Learned Labourer

I went for a short holiday before an
examination to do some "swotting," and
chose a little out-of-the-way place in
Wales.

One day, working out of doors, one of
the farm labourers came up and asked
to see my books.

To my surprise, he could read both

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject
below, not exceeding 100 words,
are invited. 10s. will be paid for each
letter published. Envelopes, marked
"Letter Parliament," must reach us by
first post on Tuesday, August 11.

**Excursion Train or Motor-
Coach: My Preference and
Why**

Greek and Latin fluently, and we spent
many hours in study together.

He was not anybody in disguise, but a
farm labourer with a thirst for know-
ledge. He had a real love for the
classics, and had no difficulty in reading
them.—Oxon.

Sea Baby

Twenty years ago my wife and I spent
our holidays at a well-known seaside
resort.

One day, when walking along a rather



... owns a champion

tioned some time
ago, and I am par-
ticularly sweet on
The Recorder.

In this massive
son of Captain
Cuttle, Mr. J. A.
Dewar owns a
champion.

An interesting
little card is set for
decision at Lewes
this week-end. At
the moment I
think there are possibilities about Witch
Doctor II, and Beauvais, but I shall re-
vise them if necessary.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows.
It covers the racing from Thursday,
August 6, to Wednesday, August 12.
C B R X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K
V P D E F I U O Y W 8 4 8 5 8 6 8 7 8 8 8 9

In place of the letters or figures ad-
vertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily
Herald* read those above or below, as
the case may be. Example:
084H8687S would read STINGO.

Where a double letter occurs in the
name of a horse the figure 2 is substi-
tuted. Example:
87S2RZHOI would read GOOD FISH.

"SILVER RING."

deserted part of the shore, we heard a
faint cry, and discovered a baby alone
two months old lying behind a boulder.

My wife carried it to our hotel, and
reported the find to the police; but no
trace of the mother could be found.

We adopted the child, which grew
to be a beautiful girl, and she now
thinks we are her natural parents.—
Ulster Irishman.

Bedroom Tragedy

Arriving at Brighton late one Saturday
night, a landlady agreed to take me in
provided I would share the room with a
"theatrical gent.," who would be leav-
ing on the morrow.

This "theatrical gent.," duly arrived
in the early hours—mad drunk.

He first locked and barricaded the door
with everything portable, and then pro-
ceeded to declaim Shakespeare in a
voice of thunder, at intervals bawling
through the window that I was murder-
ing him.

He duly left next morning—on a police
ambulance.—C. N., Tottenham, N.

Bride's Shock

Some years ago, while on our honey-
moon, my wife and I were walking along
the sea front when a woman grabbed
my arm and began to scream.

A crowd quickly gathered and a police-
man appeared. The woman loudly and
emphatically claimed me as her run-
away husband. My wife promptly
fainted.

At the policeman's suggestion, we took
a taxi to the police station, where evan-
tually the woman was detained for a
medical report.

I learned later that she had a mania
for claiming husbands, and had recently
been discharged from a mental institution
on probation.—C. C., Fulham, S.W.

A Big Drop

Just before the war I was on holiday
in the Black Country, and one day
night I decided to take a short cut across
some pit mounds.

Suddenly I stumbled and felt myself
falling into an old shaft which had no
protection.

As I fell in I gripped the stone edge
and began calling for help, but no one
came, and I prayed for deliverance.

I became exhausted and, feeling that
it was the end, I let go my grip and
dropped—two feet on to solid earth.

Phew! What an adventure.—J. &
Kitson, Trent Vale.

I had dined at a cafe in Paris and
was taking a stroll when a man thrust
a pearl necklace into my hand. A per-
dame saw me looking at it, and her
me off to the Prefecture of Police. At
first he would hardly credit my story,
but eventually accepted it.—W. J.
Mitchell, Elgin.

A remarkable resemblance to an ex-
champion boxer provided me with a ho-
day thrill. One day I was asked to pre-
sides an exhibition bout at the local sports
As an alternative, I was asked to present
prizes, being introduced as a "contender"
for world's championship honours.—
J. McC., Glasgow.

Climbing to the summit of a rugged
cliff, and reading in the sun, I fell
asleep. When I awoke, the sea was
breaking against the cliff, and I was
screamed around me. I had to be rescued
till the tide receded at midnight.—
(Miss) E. Miller, Sunderland.

My queerest holiday is the one I
now having—two days at work and
on the "dole."—J. R., Cleveland.

PERILS OF THE FASTING CRAZE

SELF-STARVATION CONDEMNED AS A METHOD OF WEIGHT REDUCTION

SILF BRAND PROVIDES A QUICKER AND POSITIVELY HARMLESS MEANS OF SLIMMING WITHOUT DRUGS, DIETING OR VIOLENT EXERCISES



116, Larkhall Lane, Clapham, S.W.
June 2nd, 1931.

Dear Sirs,—During the last few months I have decreased another 2 st. 5 lbs. This makes a full total of 7 st. 9 lbs. One Hundred and Seven Pounds of solid unneeded flesh which "SILF" has taken away since I started with the tablets some 12 months ago. At that time my weight was 17 st. 4 lbs., and now I am but 9 st. 9 lbs. I would also like to say how much better I feel in every way. My heart does not worry me now, my nerves are much steadier, and my digestion is perfect, and now I can get about just as freely as ordinary people.

For the first time for a long time I am looking forward to my summer holidays with pleasure because I know that I shall enjoy them—thanks to "SILF."

I find that "SILF" does not interfere with the habits and duties of life, and I am pleased to let you know how perfectly satisfied I am.

Yours faithfully,
(MRS.) EMILY DWYER.

TO-DAY, more than ever, do fat people realise the danger and degeneration caused by obesity, and corpulent men and women are increasingly manifesting a natural and laudable desire to reduce their excess of flesh and to, once more, resume natural, healthy and symmetrical proportions.

But recently published medical warnings against the perils of fasting and taking strong aperient Drugs cannot be ignored, for the greatest authorities unanimously declare that such methods of fat reduction are positively dangerous and fraught with the gravest perils to existence.

A PERNICIOUS COURSE.

Wasting, by means of semi-starvation, is a pernicious course to adopt, for the deprivation of the necessary food supplies implies a lack of nourishment to the entire bodily system.

Organs are deprived of their efficiency by the lack of legitimate sustenance, and functions are weakened in their due operations by the restriction of their sources of energy.

PURGING BANNED.

Purgative methods and treatments must be avoided and banned, for the unnatural strain they impose, the wearing-away results of their violent action have the most far-reaching and dangerous consequences. And the disastrous evidences of wasting and purging are all too apparent in what may be aptly described as a C3 blood supply, a C3 nervous system and an entire C3 physical organism.

But there is no need for the corpulent to abandon hope in their ardent desire and fervent search for flesh reduction; because Science has now solved, once and for all, the problem, and, in placing "SILF" BRAND tablets at their service, has provided them with the surest, safest, most effective and altogether harmless means of restoring their balance of weight and health.

SUCCESS THROUGH "SILF."

Men and women, of all ages, of all classes, are reporting their gratifying regainment of normal proportions, of their happy escapes from the thralldom of obesity, of their re-enlistment in the ranks of those who, once again, present to the eyes of the world figures which are natural and shapely, and bodies which are plentifully endowed with all the attributes of health and well-being.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the introduction of "SILF" BRAND is the unqualified faith which is shown in its presentation to the public under the £1,000 Guarantee below.

PROOF OF OUR CLAIMS.

Very naturally, you ask, "Where is there proof of your claims on 'SILF's' behalf?" This is but a proper and pertinent observation, and in response your attention is directed to the convincing letter printed above which acknowledgingly deals with a very pronounced case, but on that account is more worthy of your earnest consideration. It is the case of one who, long before "SILF" was prepared for general public service, was chosen for, shall it be said, experimentation; and with the happiest results. It shows that "SILF" can liquidate the most pronounced accumulation of surplus flesh, and is a fingerpost pointing out to you the road to reduction.



49 lbs. OF FAT GONE Thanks to "SILF."

12, Eland Road,
Battersea, S.W.11.

Dear Sir,—"SILF" tablets have given me the greatest surprise of my life, for they have overcome my obesity and renewed all the pleasures of existence again for me.

They have taken away 49 lbs. of excess fat, which showed itself in face, body and limbs, making me unhappily conspicuous and also causing unwanted strain on my heart and lungs.

Everyone has remarked how improved I am in every respect; active indoors and out, with my former vivacity returned and general health all that could be desired.

"SILF" tablets began their good work the first week, and I feel sure that I am going to stay "Reduced."

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) MRS. I. BARKER.



RECORD REDUCTION

"SILF" permanently dissolves
102 lbs. of excess fat.

80, Sandhurst Road,
Kingsbury, Middlesex.

Dear Sir,—More words can scarcely convey my thanks for the welcome transformation which "SILF" tablets have effected in reducing my very excessive fatness.

From a huge unwieldy and unhealthy bulk of 18 st. 10 lbs. they have brought me down to the normal and healthy weight of 11 st. 6 lbs. —just about what a man of my height and build should be.

As my reduction has now lasted for over two years I regard it as a permanent restoration to normality, and, on that account, desire to express my sincerest thanks to "SILF" tablets for this almost incredible result, especially as it followed the failure of various other treatments.

Yours most thankfully,
(Signed) GEORGE READ.

Why not then—pay a visit to-day to your local chemist, and with confidence initiate your course of reduction—a decision which you will have every reason to be thankful for.

**TRY SILF AT
OUR RISK
£1,000
GUARANTEE**

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 box of SILF (Brand) Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that SILF will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by the SILF Co., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the £1,000 Guarantee enclosed in every packet of SILF.

THE DANGERS OF OVERSTOUT
PALPITATION
SHORTNESS OF BREATH
GENERAL LASSITUDE
UNABLE TO ENJOY LIFE

THE DANGERS OF FASTING
WEAKNESS
LASSITUDE
INDIGESTION
INTERNAL TROUBLES
NERVE TROUBLES

THE BENEFITS OF 'SILF'
SLIMNESS
ENERGY
GOOD DIGESTION
PERFECT HEALTH
STRONG NERVES

1 1/3, 3/-
& 5/-
PER BOX

SILF
BRAND

You save money by purchasing the larger sizes.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this medicine.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Druggists, or post free by sending the price to—

**The SILF CO., Dept. 46,
39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.**

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make the Brooks Appliance to your measure, and send it to you on the strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, send it back to us and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies or gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(482) 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
(482) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book with full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your Free Trial Offer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

If you are State Insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society. (Please write plainly.)

Post the coupon to London or Manchester, whichever you prefer.

FIRST INCREASED THIS WEEK TWO MORE BIG PRIZES for JOHN BULL'S X-WORD

£600 £100 BETWEEN THE RUNNERS-UP

TWO more big prizes with an even larger First are the features of "John Bull's" Great Fair and Square Crossword this week. This First is increased to £600 and runners-up divide £100. Let this fine new opportunity spur you on. Make a great effort to win the contest with the fascinating clues. Don't hesitate, but ENTER NOW!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution, on one square, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who

enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 20th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 27th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.
1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for Two Squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 13th.
2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete,

mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 27th. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £600 prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 8th, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided

between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 127



JB 127 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 127

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, AUGUST 13

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull Crosswords (No. 127), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

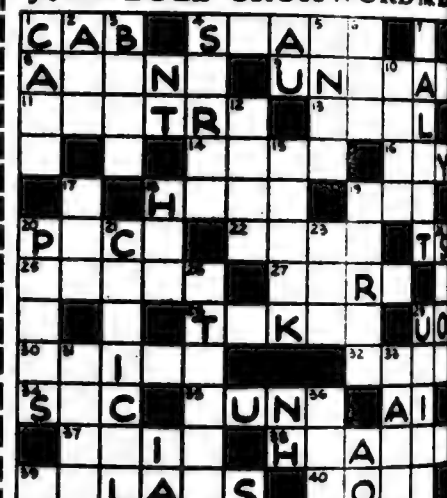
CLUES ACROSS.

- Public vehicle.
- You do this when playing dice.
- All by yourself.
- Many books are this.
- Sentinel.
- Spoken.
- Under-shirt.
- Cunning.
- Much warmth.
- Doctor's charge.
- Set speed.
- What you do on a bicycle.
- Minute particles.
- We cut for use.
- A photograph is this.
- Plots of some modern novels are.
- Despatched.
- Means "as written."
- Female relative.
- Settled by payment.
- Cheerless when cold.
- Common in wireless programmes.
- Organ of smelling.

CLUES DOWN.

- Taken on holiday in addition to fishing rod.
- Beer.
- Break this and you'll suffer.
- Wait upon.
- Nautical mile.
- Make a mistake.
- Tool used for shaping.
- Comfort.
- 365 days.
- Steadies grandpa when walking.
- What father tripped over.
- Sewn border.
- Ornamental plants.
- We have to support these.
- Town's hat is this.
- Female rabbit.
- This marks appearance of clothes.
- "—, boys, steady."
- Join into one.
- Mature.
- These we listen with.
- "— little nigger boys."

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 127



JB 127 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 127

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SIGNED

ADDRESS

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, AUGUST 13

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

W. (Harwich).—"I am an elementary teacher." Your letter is it.

D. (Manchester).—"To get from a holiday one must change." And lots of it.

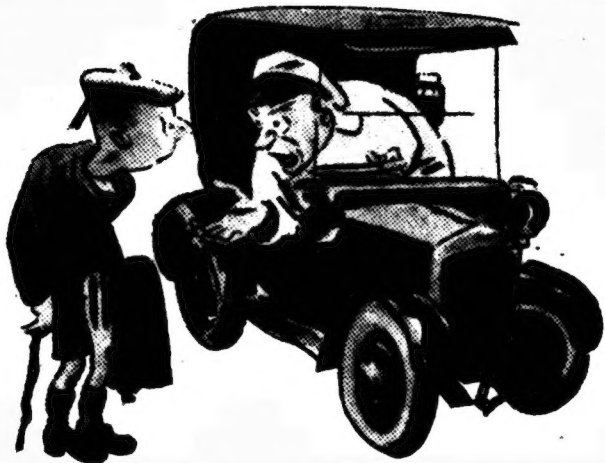
V. (Beverley).—"We ought to make our holidays during the weather." Well, don't we?

G. (Ruislip).—"Talking are very disturbing." And talking him-goers.

D. (Chard).—"He sent me a cheque, but the bank would not cash it. Evidently a man of no account."

O. (Greenford).—"Poetry is easily to many people." It has been coming to several years.

M. (Bolton).—"I have three bows which are superior to Kriesler's." Fiddle!



N. D. (Yeovil).—"Tipping is often the result of vanity." Or profanity.

The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

T. (Denford).—"I always open my window as soon as the rays of the sun appear." Does your room face south?

S. (Morpeth).—"I sprang from a family of poets." We should have done better.

R. (Glasgow).—"Holiday weather is to make the hair grow." Holiday on the other hand, tend to make it fall out.

D. M. (Newcastle).—"A child in the class persists in mistaking 8 for 5." The career as an assistant in a ladies' shop is confidently predicted.

T. (Hawthorn).—"The longer I live, the more I am opposed to the sale of my house." We are afraid it will be many years before they start giving it away.

K. (Amersham).—"Do business shake hands when they meet?" No, owing to trade depression, of them merely shake their heads.

M. (Benfleet).—"My neighbour's clock wakes me up every morning. What should I do?" Sell your alarm clock.

COMMERCIAL (Chingford).—"Commercial travellers are very independent." Yet they'll take orders from anyone.

N. (Dover).—"History always repeats itself." When it comes to World War I it need not—we heard it the first time.

L. (Clapham).—"Politicians are popular with all public questions." Yes, the trouble is they so rarely know answers.

L. M. (Aldershot).—"I am only a recruit in the cavalry, but I am determined to get on." Perhaps you will someone holds your horse.

K. (Barnes).—"If I could dress after the manner of a dandy, should I consider myself a dandy?" Certainly, fool!

J. (Goole).—"I used to dislike a dandy, but now I am all in favour of him." It is the sort of thing that you can do.

C. (Croydon).—"Nowadays, when people marry, it's generally a case of at first sight." And divorce at sight.

D. (Chelsea).—"I took my funny paper to seven different papers and have all turned it down." You can do a joke too far, you know.

P. N. (Maida Vale).—"I have drunk sparkling wines all my life." An old champagner.

W. R. (Stoke).—"I am very worried because I feel I am losing my memory. What do you advise?" Forget about it.

C. W. (Bideford).—"There is no such thing as perfection." You are evidently not a house-agent.

W. L. (Bath).—"A lot of Italian eggs are coming into this country." Not the lays of Ancient Rome, we hope.

G. C. (Hereford).—"I simply haven't the heart to start weeding my garden." It certainly requires pluck.

C. R. (Hythe).—"I would as soon attend a funeral as a cricket match." It's all the same to our office-boy.

P. M. (Grundale).—"In New York the skyscrapers made me feel very nervous." Hair-raising stories.

S. F. (Mitcham).—"Travelling in dustbins is quite profitable." But rather uncomfortable, we should think.

A. T. (Shoreditch).—"How does a man get into debt?" Owing to other people.

D. M. M. (Glasgow).—"Has a comedian even a sporting chance in a seaside pierrot troupe?" Certainly, if he dodges quickly enough.

F. H. (Hendon).—"A friend of mine in the City is good for half a million." Lots of people would be good for less than that.

S. K. (Totnes).—"Wrist-watches weighing 13 lb. have been made in Switzerland." Wearers must find that time hangs very heavily on their hands.

H. J. (Longford).—"After all is said and done, men do not matter where women are concerned." Where women are concerned, all is never said.

T. K. (Mortlake).—"A friend of mine once fell into a vat of beer." But, of course, some busybody came along and rescued him.

E. J. (Esher).—"A man was recently married in plus fours." It was very thoughtful of him to leave his game to assist in the ceremony at all.

VOCALIST (Banbury).—"Deafening applause always greets my high notes." Well, they generally come at the end of a song.

B. Y. (Willesden).—"Why are motor coaches more popular than trains?" Because trains cannot pull up at wayside inns.

P. H. (Hillingdon).—"A man who has medals for swimming, boxing and running must be a fine athlete." Or a pawnbroker.

W. L. J. (Lincoln).—"A man who was staying at the same seaside hotel as myself suddenly lost the power of speech." What happened when they gave you your bill?

TRAVELLER (Hackney).—"In Africa, monkeys climb telegraph poles and snap the wires." In this country the G.P.O. hasn't got such a good excuse for wrong numbers."

P. N. (Chelsea).—"The modern girl could not pass a general knowledge test." She would be stumped when asked to describe a needle, an apron, a hair-pin or a feather duster.

W. M. C. (Carlisle).—"I prefer stories with a happy ending." Well, try writing one on a coupon from page 35. The happy ending may be that £1,000, Car and Radio Gramophone offered this week.

S. K. (Canterbury).—"A motorist recently ran over the same man twice in one day." In motoring circles it is frankly admitted that there is an alarming shortage of pedestrians.

M. B. (Norbiton).—"If the dancing Marathon in Paris had continued much longer all the dancers would have become insane." In our opinion, the competitors were insane before it started.

G. P. (Kennington).—"There has been a continued falling off of tube travellers." Most of those we travel with always seem to be hanging on tightly enough.

L. V. (Pinner).—"In some American theatres real dinners have been introduced for dinner scenes." Perhaps some day seaside boarding-house keepers will adopt this plan.

T. B. S. (Coventry).—"An Austrian strong man lies for several hours on an iron sheet studded with steel knobs." And yet he probably squirms as much as anybody else when sleeping on a seaside boarding-house bed.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

FURNITURE REMOVALS

The Modern Way

Let the LMS know where you are now and where your new home is to be and then leave all the cares of furniture removing to them. They'll send a big container round to your door, where your furniture will be packed with the greatest care by experts of renowned removal contractors, and delivered at your new home—wherever that may be. The rates are extremely low and the LMS take the usual risks.

MOVE WITH THE TIMES BY LMS

Ask the local LMS agent about it; or post coupon below.

COUPON To Chief Goods Manager (Dept. B)
LMS Railway, Euston Station, London, N.W.1

I am interested in furniture removal

from to

Please { * Send a representative on at a.m. p.m. * Write, giving full details, etc.

Name

Address

J.B. 9831 * Delete remark not applicable.

ROYAL ENFIELD

The Better Bicycle—yet it costs no more!



Every model fitted with Dunlop tyres, chromium-plated without charge, and guaranteed as long as you have it.

PRICES FROM
£4.19.6
or 10/- monthly. No deposit. Send for List "D1" and full details.

The ENFIELD CYCLE Co. Ltd. REDDITCH

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

BURTON DAILY MAIL:—"Mrs. ... having opened the fête, was presented with a BANQUET."

EVENING WORLD (Newcastle):—"asked the magistrate to impose a fine which would not act as a deterrent to similar offences in the future."

"THE LOVE HOTEL" (Novel):—"The brides-to-be spending most of their time hurtling backwards and forwards in high-powered motor-cars."

SANDBACH GUARDIAN:—"The Graf Zeppelin has been hired to take thirty members of the London Air Park Club on a fight round Britain."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"An entertainment was given by the boys, and tea was followed by water sports."

RIPLEY AND HEANOR NEWS:—"Deceased was a widower. There are four sons and two daughters."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"South-end.—Apartments, BREAK-breakfast."

POVERTY BAY HERALD:—"Special week-end air trip to Wellington."

ORMOND'S GARAGE.

ADVERTISER AND AGRICULTURIST:—"The output of the ... will be in the region of 10,000 ... and 35,000 cans per day and 250 ..."

DAY EXPRESS:—"She is one of the popular people in the district and many friends."

SIX COUNTY HERALD:—"He was seven dogs in which to pay."

THE FRIEND:—"She sat up with ..."

DAIRY POST:—"A rail ... was found dead by the side of ... engine and died later."

FIELD MAIL:—"Matlock bought ... of nose and two stand pipes."

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL! DON'T SUFFER FROM CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Remarkable Results of New Blood Treatment!

AS THE WATERS FLOW
SO SHOULD THE BLOOD

*Unchecked
Unhindered
Irresistible!!*

Elasto
Regd.

The GREAT NATURAL REMEDY
for DISEASES of the
VEINS and ARTERIES
& All Ailments Arising Therefrom

What Users of Elasto Say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active, thanks to Elasto."
"My Doctor cannot praise Elasto enough."
"Can now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto has worked wonders; my legs are quite clear now."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "I am now feeling quite fit and healthy."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins have completely disappeared."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Elasto has completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

YOU NATURALLY ASK "What is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15.D.)
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds
CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD



Holiday-Makers Enjoying a Dip

A TRIM figure poised on the edge of the diving-board—a splash as she gracefully cleaves the water. Shouts of laughter as happy bathers frolic in pool or sea. Then suddenly the scene changes. There is a cry for help. An arm shoots out of the water. A bather in difficulties! Pleasure has given place to tragedy.

Two friends were bathing recently in a pool. One of them, a registered reader of JOHN BULL, could swim only a few feet. He was seen to go towards the deep end of the pool calling to his friend.

Cheque for Widow

Getting out of his depth, he was drowned in spite of his friend's efforts to save him. To his widow, Mrs. Read,

64, Lenmore Avenue, Grays, Essex, JOHN BULL has despatched a cheque for £250 under JOHN BULL's Great Family Insurance.

Holiday Risks

With holidays in full swing, bathing fatalities are becoming more and more frequent. Readers should remember that, in addition to the most comprehensive Home Insurance ever offered by any newspaper, including benefits for Fire, Floods, Storms, Accidents and Sickness, JOHN BULL covers them against bathing and boating accidents as well as sports accidents—all risks likely to be encountered when away.

Even the children are covered under this comprehensive and unsurpassed scheme of free family insurance. The registration forms are below. If you have not yet signed them, do so now.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your
Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 8/8/31.

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Address

Name and address of Newsagent

Date

Use Jd. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if Jd. stamped address and envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 8/8/31.

**JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
NEW
PEN
OFFER**

CASH THE COUPONS—

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON—

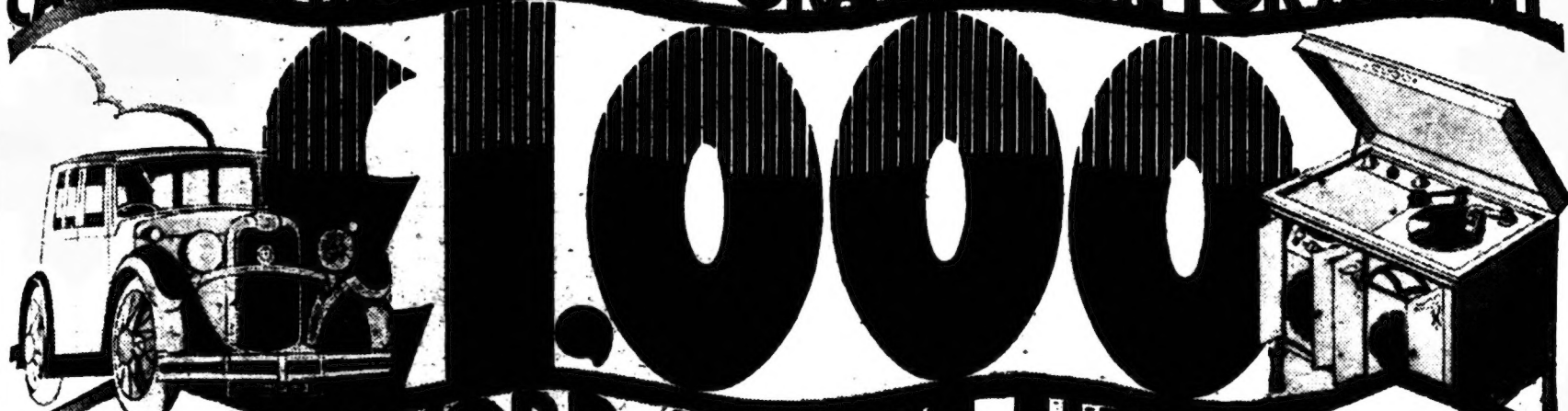
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department,
27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE
3D



CAR-FORTUNE AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE FOR A BULLET



THIS £210 "SINGER" MOTOR-CAR
will be added to winner's £1,000. A luxurious Sunshine Saloon. Not cheap to run, easy to drive and fully equipped.

THIS FINE "EDISON BELL" RADIO GRAMOPHONE
—will also be added to winner's £1,000. Wireless or Gramophone Records at the touch of a switch—no electric mains required.

RECORD AUGUST FIRST
THE WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM TO £1,000, CAR AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE. PAYMENT OF £1,200 WILL BE ALLOWED.

100 10 PRIZES OF £5 25 PRIZES OF £1 500 PRIZES OF 76
10 PRIZES OF £10 50 PRIZES OF 10 10,000 "TARGETS" £50 3ND PRIZE

LAST WEEK TO WIN THIS THREE-FOLD PRIZE

IMAGINE yourself at the wheel of a fine new £210 Motor-car, enjoying a sunny Sunday on the open road. Picture in a corner of your home a luxurious Radio Gramophone, pouring out its melody whenever you wish. Think how you would feel with a balance of £1,000 at the bank.

Too good to be true? No—all these joys can be yours for a single *Bullet* the result of the Record August offer finally announced this week.

A quiet half-hour spent with the *Examples* this evening and you may be a competitor to receive the First Prize telegram on Friday, August 28.

To make up a *Bullet*, all you have to do is to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page. For instance, suppose you choose the *Example MATCH FOR HER*—the added words *HE WASN'T—HENCE MATCH* would complete a *Bullet*.

Let the twenty successful *Bullets* below help you to acquire the winning idea, and see that your efforts for this week's sensational contest are in by Thursday, August 15.

222 10s. CASH FOR HOLIDAY PRIZE-WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 812.
Miss I. Ekins, 117, Vicarage Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.
Example:—SINGING HER PRAISES
Bullet:—BRINGS "RESPONSE" IN "SERVICE."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

- SECOND PRIZE OF £50:**
Mrs. D. Jennings, 32, Chimes Avenue, Palmers Green, N.
Example: *Power Of Publicity*
Bullet: *Good Stop Armament "Sales."*
- THIRD PRIZE OF £45:**
Mr. F. Lines, 9, Tower Terrace, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham.
Example: *Present From The Seaside*
Bullet: *Included—But "Tin" Ended.*
- OTHER PRIZES:**
O. W. Robertson, 132, Brora Street, Glasgow.
Example: *Marriage And Divorce—Presents Disposed*
Bullet: *Pasts Disclosed.*
- S. D. Stute, "Sydenham," Arrol Road, Glasgow.
Example: *End, Beckenham.*
Bullet: *Singing Her Praises—Still, Though "Quavers."*
- O. J. Galt, 22, Ness Bank, Inverness, N.B.
Example: *Robertson And Co.—See Mess—Seem Mesmerised.*
Bullet: *H. Laidman, 26, Crossways, North Leamington, N.*
- S. J. Kirby, 15, Bishop Road, Poulton, Lancashire, Ches.
Example: *Russia—There's No "Getting Away."*
Bullet: *Mylian, 97, Upperthorpe Road, Sheffield.*
- O. J. Galt, 22, Ness Bank, Inverness, N.B.
Example: *Of A Job—Tramps Miles—Tramp Miles.*
- £18:** T. Wellings, Union Cottages, Rogerstone, Newport, Mon.
Example: *In The Dark Forest—Forefathers—In Slums, Descendants.*
- £17:** Mrs. H. Hughes, 72, New Street, Gloucester.
Example: *Worshipping The Sun—Mother—"Boiled Offering," Washing.*
- £16:** E. C. Fry, 5, Lyndhurst Gardens, Finchley, N.
Example: *Out Of A Job—"Underdog" Whistling For "Master."*
- £15:** L. Beck, 53, Shakespeare Street, Sparkhill, Birmingham.
Example: *Running Straight—Youth, If Allowed "Divisions."*
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
- £14:** D. Marshall, 15, Gregory Avenue, Bolton.
Example: *Worshipping The Sun—Make School-room "Temple," Too.*
- £13:** C. M. Mackenzie, Townhead, Biggar, Lanarks.
Example: *Smiles—Encourage Everybody—Even Borrowers!*
- £12:** J. Gorman, 27, St. James's Road, Stratford, E.
Example: *Shows Who's Boss—In America—Fattest Cigar.*
- £11:** Mrs. F. Gilbert, 22, Mirador Place, Plymouth, Devon.
Example: *Stands The Test—"Stout English Oak"—Pigeon-hole.*

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.") payable to "John Bull" to cover postage on consecutive issues of *Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 10, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

3 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:
H. F. OLIVER, 107, Dixon Road, Hillsborough, Sheffield.
Example: *When The Sun Goes Down—"Memories" Fires—Burn Brightest.*

A. WEAVER, 43, Carter Road, Wolverhampton.
Example: *His Worldly Goods—Her "Little Bundle" Outweighs.*

L. C. WOOLLASTON, 43, Council House, Huntington, Stafford.
Example: *Marriage And Divorce—Bills—Bills—Hotel Bill.*

In accordance with our published announcement, each of the above winners will receive an additional prize of a 24 "Revolution" expanding suitcase. A list of 30 £5 and 500 2/3 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED.

The original cheque for £200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 811 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. H. Sloan, 40, Regent Street, Ely, Northumberland.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.
Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 815 usually purchase "John Bull."

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Examples for Competition No. 815

- WHERE GOVERNMENT'S GOING OVER THE PRESBIDGE BACK FROM SCHOOL WHEN DAD KEEPS HOUSE HALCYON DAYS JUST AS ONE SAID ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN ANTICIPATION ROMANCE OF BUSINESS PLAIN ENOUGH WELL-MEANING IDIOT**
- BOOK OF FATE DROPPING FINDING FAULT ON HOLIDAY MATCH FOR HER AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER DESIGNING FEMALE WHEN LIFE'S SPENT REAL HAPPINESS IN THE WRONG DEPARTMENT PANDEMONIUM**
- WITH A ROAR LOOK AROUND AND WHEN IT'S HOT AFFABLE STRANGER CENTRE OF ATTRACTION RUDE IN A TWINKLING PANGS OF CONSCIENCE "GOT HIM!" DECLINED WITH THANKS WHO RUNS THE COUNTRY?**

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 815, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

350 HOLIDAY BONUSES NEXT WEEK!

YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY

£5,000

MUST BE WON

IN THE 'DAILY HERALD' HOLIDAY BALLOT

THIS is positively the very last time the Entry Form for the £5,000 "Daily Herald" Holiday Ballot will appear in "John Bull." Only a few days and your opportunity to capture a mammoth cheque in a few of your spare moments will be gone for ever.

All you have to do to win this huge sum is to make a simple forecast of the order of popularity of the fourteen holiday resorts given on the Entry Form on the right. Remember the huge cash prize of £5,000 **MUST BE WON**, and any reader of "John Bull" can carry it off. An extra £1,000 will be paid to the winner if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"—so if you want that extra £1,000 fill in one of the Registration Forms appearing regularly in the "Daily Herald."

Try your skill now. Get your friends' opinions, too, and win that £5,000! Fill up the Entry Form on the right and post it so that it arrives by not later than first post, Thursday, August 13. Delay may cost you £5,000!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO—

1. Read carefully the directions on the Entry Form.
2. Vote for your own favourite resort (**ONLY ONE**) by placing a (X) in the column on the **LEFT-HAND** side of the Entry Form.
3. Next make a forecast in the column provided on the **RIGHT-HAND** side of the Entry Form of what you consider will be the order of popularity decided by the general vote. To do this simply place the figure 1 opposite your first choice, the figure 2 opposite your second choice, and so on up to 14.

Keep a copy of your forecasts, a note of the resort for which you vote as your favourite and also a note of the total number of Entry Forms you send in. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish.

**MUST
BE WON!**

**OPEN
TO ALL!**

Further Entry Forms are appearing daily in the "Daily Herald" up to Saturday, August 8th—after that, no further Entry Forms will appear. A few minutes of your time may bring you this great fortune of £5,000. Enter for this fascinating Contest of skill by filling in the Entry Form on the right to-day. Remember this is your final opportunity.

Hurry! Hurry!! HURRY!!!

Place in Column below a X against your own favourite Resort. Put one X only. If you send in more than one entry, vote each time for the same town as your favourite.

DAILY HERALD
HOLIDAY BALLOT ENTRY FORM
No. J.6.

£5,000

MUST BE WON
FORECAST BELOW

the Order of Popularity of the 14 Holiday Resorts. Place figure 1 opposite your first choice, 2 opposite your second choice and so on up to 14.

BLACKPOOL
BOURNEMOUTH
BRIDLINGTON
BRIGHTON
DOUGLAS
HASTINGS
LLANDUDNO
MARGATE
ROTHESAY
SCARBOROUGH
SOUTHEND
WESTON-SUPER-MARE
WEYMOUTH
GREAT YARMOUTH

Complete in ink. I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED

ADDRESS (Block letters)

State if Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald" (Yes or No)

AFFIX a three-halfpenny stamp to space on right. Address entry to Holiday Ballot, "Daily Herald," 3, St. Br's St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.). On the back of your envelope you must write in the bottom left-hand corner the name of your favourite town and the number of votes you enclose for this town. Also, on the flap, write your name and address in block letters. Failure to do this involves disqualification. Have your Entry Forms until close of contest then send in all together in same envelope to arrive not later than first post Thursday, August 13th. Entry Forms appear daily in the "Daily Herald" until Saturday, August 8th.

AFFIX YOUR THREE-HALF-PENNY STAMP HERE